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COMING!

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

The bleak wind moans like a soul in pain,
Wearily, hopelessly seeking rest;
The sunset stains with a dull red stain
The sluggish river's unheaving breast.
Night is coming, a dreary night,
Fast on the steps of the dreary day;
Not a star in yon low'ring height
Follows the sunset that hastes away.

All is vanity under the sun!
So we cry as one cried before,
The cup upraised and the draught begun
Dashed from our lips for evermore.
Summer is brief and the winter long—
Ay, but a new Spring hastens fast,
Nights of beauty and days of song,
When the gray and the gloom and the woe are past!

BENEATH A MASK

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SEBASTIAN DESPARD answered the summons promptly. Joan felt sure that he would obey it, but she had scarcely thought he could arrive so soon. She was standing at the window when the cab dashed up to the door, and she saw the tall, well-known figure alight, her heart turned sick and faint, and for a moment it seemed as if all her strength were going to desert her in her greatest need. But she rallied and went out—first to the servant whom she bade admit the visitor, and say that Mr. Maynard (she told him to say the name very distinctly) would receive him in a few minutes. Then she went to her father's room, told him gently that Mr. Despard had arrived, and asked the nurse to leave the room until Mr. Maynard should have transacted his business with his visitor; after which she rang the bell and told the servant to usher Mr. Despard up to the sick room, and then—she failed again, and with hurried, tremulous steps she drew back into the dressing-room, from whence she could see and hear all that passed at her father's bedside, but was herself invisible.

She saw Despard enter, cold and grave; she fancied those keen eyes of his gave one comprehensive glance around the room, then, either in relief or compassion, they softened as they dwelt on that pitiful figure outstretched upon the bed.

"You sent for me, Mr. Maynard," he said very slowly. "How can I help you?"

Joan could see him distinctly as he stood looking down upon the dying man and she saw that he was altered; lines, such as only bitter suffering or severe illness bring, were traced upon the face, which looked thinner and sterner than before. Maynard lay gazing up at his visitor without attempting reply, and the glitter in the feverish eyes, the convulsive movement of the poor bandaged hands terrified Joan.

"I ought to have explained—helped him, coward that I am."

And she tried to drag her limbs from the shelter of the dressing-room. But Despard spoke again, more kindly, touched, as well he might be, standing there in his own magnificent vitality and strength, by this wreck before him.

"Do not hesitate. Just tell me what you want done. I have no doubt I shall be able to understand and manage it for you."

"Promise!" Maynard gasped as he had done to Joan. "Promise! give me your word that you will help me—accede to my wishes."

"I promise to do all I can for you honorably."

Then Maynard became excited and a fictitious strength came to him; so much so that he raised himself on one elbow and and spoke clearly and firmly:

"You are a lawyer. You can do it," he said. "Go to that desk and make my will for me."

It seemed a simple request to follow so tragically worded a summons, but Despard had expected something of the sort, and he complied instantly. He sat down, took pen and paper, and wrote rapidly as Maynard gave him instructions.

The dying man had collected his thoughts and stored them for this supreme moment; he knew what he wanted to say and was able to say it, but his utterances were hurried as if he feared the time allowed might prove unequal to the task. But the will was simple and therefore short.

The testator bequeathed everything he possessed to his daughter Joan, upon the one condition that Joan should marry the man whom her father with his last breath entreated her to wed.

"We will leave that man's name blank for the present, it can be filled in directly," said the invalid with agitation.

Despard bent his head assentingly, and wrote on.

If Joan should refuse to wed the husband of her father's choice, the whole of the testator's property should, he decreed, pass into the possession of the rejected suitor (name left blank). But if the chosen suitor (name left blank) on his part should refuse to contract such marriage, then the property should be divided equally between him (whose name was at present blank) and the testator's daughter Joan.

That was all. As Despard wrote rapidly, translating Maynard's clearly expressed wishes, into phraseology comprehensible only to legal ears and understandings, he thought within himself:

"I see the reason why now. Miss Maynard could not stand against parental pressure. Indeed how could one expect her to sacrifice her entire fortune to a passing fancy. Doubtless she did entertain at one time some half-formed idea of accepting me, but the exposition of her parent's matrimonial plans caused her to consider her own, dutifully. I wonder where she is at this important moment."

She was within a stone's throw of him, standing in her desolation with hands pressed upon her heart, and eyes wide with agony; she had withdrawn to the window when she heard the making of the will begin, she thought it was all right, but as she stood there she heard and saw nothing distinctly, for a mist was before her eyes and a great rushing of mighty waters in her ears, she only heard clearly when her father's voice called her back to him. But Maynard did not call her immediately. First Despard raised his head and inquired, "May I ask if your daughter fully understands and agrees to your wishes as here expressed, Mr. Maynard?"

"Yes, yes, she has promised—as you did. Is it finished?" feverishly.

"When the blanks are filled in, and your signature, duly witnessed, is attached, your will is completed, Mr. Maynard."

"My signature." Maynard looked at his maimed hand and he set his teeth.

"I will sign it somehow if I die over it," then, more easily: "Now Mr. Despard, will you oblige me by going downstairs and partaking of refreshment. Command as if this were your own house. Before you go, will you fold that paper so that the blank spaces can be filled in without the whole thing being read, and when I send a message will you return to me here and tell me if all is legally correct?"

Despard looked at his client keenly; his requests were certainly of extraordinary sort, but in the bright eye and resolute though faint tones there appeared no sign of a failing intellect. Robert Maynard was a dying man, but he was clearly in possession of all his faculties, therefore without remarking upon his requests Despard complied with them; he folded the paper and placed it upon the desk as directed, after which he quitted the room.

"Joan," cried her father then, and the girl came to his side. "You see that paper my child, don't move it, don't stop to read it. Fill up the spaces left blank with the name of Sebastian Despard."

Joan evinced no surprise (probably she felt none), nor did she utter any question or demur; seating herself in the place Despard had vacated, she took up the pen he had used and wrote his name thrice with a steady and unfaltering hand.

"Now call Hawkins and Bower here, they will witness my signature."

"Father you cannot write."

"My child, I will. Take off these bandages."

Joan looked in his face, then, with her own pale as death, she complied; the butler and the housekeeper came in haste, and the dying man made his final effort. Supported, aided by Joan, he penned his name for the last time, and his servants wrote theirs in witness of his signature, ere their master sank back exhausted, faint, moaning, but resolute still.

"Have they finished, Joan? Send them away and call him back quickly."

There had been no delay throughout, none could be afforded; that grim unbidden guest whose advent would stop the whole proceedings and render for ever impossible the tardy atonement which his shadow had evolved was swiftly approaching; he was perceptibly nearer when Despard re-entered and saw Joan standing by her father's bed. The lawyer bowed—silently.

"This is my daughter," said the dying man as with some idea of introduction, and then he looked from one to the other piteously.

Despard bowed again unconsciously; Joan made no sound nor movement.

"Have you signed and filled all in?" the lawyer asked, advancing a little; he saw the change which had taken place during his absence and he knew the moments were brief.

Maynard pointed to the will lying upon the table. "Read it," he said.

Taking it in his hand, Despard threw his practised glance quickly over the whole; it caught his own name, then fell upon the testator's signature, "Frederick Robert Lucas," and as it dwelt there, the eyes seeming to blaze upon those feeble but legible characters, the face in which the eyes dwelt appeared to harden into marble. Slowly then Despard straightened himself and looked upon the ashen face of the man whom he held to be false even on his death-bed.

"This—you?" he enquired, and Joan threw an arm around her parent as if to protect him from the tone.

"It is. Forgive—before I go," his eyes entreating.

"You are not Maynard? You have no right to that name?"

"I took it—on leaving England—you know when. I have borne it ever since. I have not dishonored it. She—" a motion towards his daughter, "has never known any other."

"Ah! she is your child?"

"My only child—my treasure, whom I bequeath——" a gesture stopped him. "She is good, true as——"

"The daughter of Robert Lucas can be. I think I understand. You are treacherous to the last. Knowing that I would never consciously set foot in your house, you lured me here by a plot and a false name."

"Because I could not die without your forgiveness," shrieked the poor wretch. "Because I must make atonement for the crimes lying heavy on my soul ere I pass to judgment. Pardon, forgive—let me hear say it, and I die in peace. Say it—let me hear it—before I go. Say it."

He said nothing; he looked like a man carved out of stone—hard and pitiless.

"Grant me forgiveness," the dying lips continued to implore. "I have repented my sin, and it was not so black or base as you believe. I did not premeditate evil towards your father. Only when I found our frauds discovered, and shame and punishment inevitable, I fled in a panic. It was cowardly, selfish, aye, I know all that, but I never dreamed of—of the tragedy which followed, and when I heard of it I was stunned—shocked, but what could I do then?"

"Exactly, the evil was wrought."

"Later—I tried—to make atonement—to you."

"Which I rejected, as I reject now—unequivocally."

"No, no, no!" The expiring life flickered up into a flame ere going out for ever. "Do not say that. Hear me, give me a hearing." Lucas outstretched his poor hands, and spoke fast and vehemently "I have repented, I tell you. And I have suffered. Listen. I made my money out there, honestly—I swear it. And I have given my ill-gotten gains to charities. I offer you all I have now, all my honest gains, and my dearer treasure into the bargain—and I ask only for one word, one look of forgiveness. Are you stone, to be so pitiless? What can man do more than I am doing? Tell me, and if time holds out, I will do it. Regard me, dying. When your time comes, surely you will regret that you refused the last prayer of one in bitter extremity. Joan, my girl, speak to him, plead for me. Say all I cannot say; make him yield. One word of pardon—that is all. I ask—one—word."

"Mr. Despard," Joan stepped forward, trembling and faint, her sweet lips were quivering, her eyes were wet, her voice scarce audibly, "if there is anything I can do—in all my future life—to further his atonement—I will do it to the utmost—whatever it be, if—if I may prevail upon you now to soothe his last moments, bid him die—in peace. Forgive him, and let your just anger fall on me."

She clasped her shaking fingers and turned herself towards the form she loved, the poor speechless clay, now able only dumbly to implore by straining orbs and stiffening, outstretched hands.

"Visit upon me his sins," the girl cried solemnly. "I will take them all—their burden and their shame. I will do anything—bear anything, if I can purchase for him the last boon he will ever crave. Look at me," she moved before him. "I am young and strong, I can suffer. He is passing away, out where your vengeance cannot follow. Whether you will or no, he is escaping your resentment. I can—suffer—for many a weary year. Take me in his place. I am the child of the injurer, you of the injured, it is fit and just that you should visit upon me the wrongs you cannot condone. Only forgive him—the sinner, the penitent, the dying. How can you ever hope for mercy yourself, here or

hereafter, if you refuse to show it now—to us?"

The unbidden guest had entered the chamber, they saw his shadow thrown over the bed, his hand was touching the failing heart, it had already silenced the chilled lips, the very last sands of the hour-glass were running out swiftly, yet Despard paused, gazing into that upturned, beseeching face like a man held by a spell.

"Speak!" Joan cried in her agony, and the spell broke.

"I will forgive—all—but this." Despard spoke with voice hoarse and unsteady. "This will must be destroyed."

He bent down, picked it up (it had dropped from his hands when he turned to reproach Lucas), and in another moment it would have been torn asunder, but for an intervention.

Lucas could not speak, but with a last startling effort he (seeing the lawyer's movement and understanding his words) leaned forward and snatched the paper from his grasp, then clutching it himself convulsively, he fell back on the pillows, and they thought the end had come. With a heart-broken cry Joan threw herself upon the bed, twining her arms about the loved form, as if their sweet weakness could detain him to whom that summons had been issued.

"My darling, have you left me? My father, have you gone—without forgiveness, without peace? Oh! cruel, hard, merciless——"

"Hush! he has not gone. Robert Lucas, I forgive all."

He had not gone; he had stayed to hear the words without which he could not die, and that he heard them clearly and understood them, the man and woman watching him knew, for both saw the smile which flickered over the shadowed face, and the look of peace which succeeded it, ere each feature settled into that solemn, awful grandeur which comes but once, and surely once, to all human faces. Then—Robert Lucas lay dead, and his last will and testament had become a power.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN a tiny room in a stuffy house in a small seaside town, sat Lady Lea and Joan Maynard.

"I never saw such a horrid place," observed her ladyship, looking around all a-bristle with indignation and vexation. "Never in my life."

"It does very well," replied Joan indifferently. "And it is cheap."

"I should hope so. It is indisputably nasty. Oh, Joan, what a mess you have made of your affairs. If you were not looking so miserably white and wretched, I would say just what I think of you. It might relieve my mind a little."

"I did not send for you, Julie, so much to relieve your mind," with a shadow of Joan's old brilliant smile, "as to obtain your advice."

"Advice, indeed! Rather late to entreat advice when the mad deeds are all done."

"My life is not done," sadly. "I may have many long weary years to pass yet."

"And how you are going to pass them without money, without one farthing, you who have been accustomed to every luxury, is beyond the limits of my advice or imagination."

"I can work."

"Pooh!" said her ladyship.

"What do you suggest instead of work, Julie? I cannot marry Lord Cavass now," with another flicker of a smile.

"No, poor man, there is another life you have blighted. You have acted with such indecent haste, Joan. If you had modestly waited for Despard to renounce you, you would, I understand, have retained half your money, and then——"

"An act of justice would have been but half done," put in Joan firmly.

"Justice," echoed Lady Lea, in scorn and tumult. "Fine words do not commend mad deeds to my sensible mind, nor to any sensible mind," severely, "as you will find in the future. You will have to consort with the silly ones of the earth."

"If you only knew the relief it is to know the thing is settled irrevocably," sighed Joan. "The weight crushed my heart until the atonement was made. My paltry wealth indeed! it is a small price to pay."

"Had it been but half I should have called it a heavy price, but when I think of all, words fail me."

They evidently did, for she sat five minutes silently, until her angry eyes fell upon Joan's mourning.

"Oh, look at your gown," she broke out afresh. "That merino and that crape will be shabby in a week, and the cut and fit—ugh! it makes me sick."

Whereupon Joan really smiled. "It does very well, dear," she said indulgently.

"It does not do at all—ill or well," cried Julie. "Of course I can soon alter that—your frock; but in all your future life——"

"You cannot clothe me, if you mean that, dear Julie," with gentle firmness.

"There! the evil has not departed with the good. Your abominable pride has not taken wing with your wealth. Oh! you poor lost darling, I could cry over you."

She did cry a little, but while so pleasingly occupied, an idea came to her, and wiping her tears, she presently enquired most casually—

"Why did you reject Mr. Despard with such untoward haste, Joan? I thought—Josh and I both thought in the days which seem now a hundred years ago—that you quite liked him."

The quiver which passed over Joan's face sounded in her voice as she answered:

"I did the only thing I could do. I fainted when my father died, and when I recovered consciousness, he, Mr. Despard, had gone. So I wrote to him, formally refusing to marry him, and of course accepting the penalty decreed by my father's will, if I chose to disobey his wishes. Oh, Julie—that will—I helped to make it, I filled in Mr. Despard's name, and yet I never knew, I never dreamed that my poor darling had made such an awful mistake. I blame myself entirely," hurriedly checking a remark visible upon her friend's lips. "Because I was within earshot, if I had chosen to listen; I might have heard and prevented, but—but I never did. I know—never mind how—that my father owed Despard atonement, and I thought he was bequeathing to him all his wealth. I never imagined that he was weighting his bequest with the miserable condition of a marriage with me." She covered her face with her hands.

"Marriage with you would certainly be a miserable condition for any man," responded her ladyship drily. "But I should have imagined that Mr. Despard might have faced it, as it appeared to be the dearest wish of his heart so short a time ago. Ah well, money alters men. If Despard never tried by letter or interview to alter your decision, it proves that he was just after your money and nothing else. Oh! if you had only married Lord Cavass out of hand, as you might have done, all these horrid things could not have been."

"And now Lord Cavass cannot be. There is certainly a bit of lining to the cloud."

"You sent for me to ask my advice." Lady Lea drew up her petite figure and made a frantic effort to become impressive the while she carefully refrained from meeting Joan's eyes. "My only advice I can give you now, is—marry Sebastian Despard."

Joan looked her friend straight in the face. "Never," she said.

"Because you fear he was after your money?" asked her ladyship eagerly.

"I do not believe he ever realized I had any. When I wrote that letter of rejection, I forbade him to reply in any way. And I left home at once, as you know, and I took careful and effectual measures to prevent Mr. Despard from obtaining any clue to my whereabouts. When one is a nobody, a pauper——" another smile there, but it was a little bitter—"one is easily effaced."

"You sit there and tell me these things, yet if I at all question your sanity you appear hurt," Lady Lea cried exasperated; then she approached her friend with coaxing eyes and arms. "Your mind is affected, dear one, and no wonder after the shocks it has received. You shall come home with me and have a nice quiet, but cheerful time. You will soon look at things less morbidly. We won't discuss any of these matters for three months. We will——"

"I shall not come home with you, Julie, for I cannot afford three months' inaction. If I don't work I shall go mad." She rose and walked swiftly to the window; there looking out upon the tossing incoming sea, she continued rapidly: "And the Grange would be the very first place in which Mr. Despard would look for me; I know he will look; I know he is searching for me; he is such a noble, generous man, he will move Heaven and earth rather than accept things as they are now—and must be."

"He can put them right without such superlative exertion," murmured Julie, but apparently Joan did not hear, for she went on in the same tone:

"He would—he would even marry me rather than I should starve, but I—I would not marry him now—if there were no other man in the world, therefore you see, Julie," swerving round and seizing Lady Lea's hands in a nervous, tremulous clasp, "you see, don't you, that if ever we were to meet again, only the most bitter unbearable pain could come of it—therefore you will help me in this, dear, won't you? You will promise to answer no enquiries Mr. Despard may make about me."

"I will promise that," said Lady Lea. "But I rather wonder a mind so exalted as your stoops to such selfish conduct as this appears to my common-place eyes to be. Because you find the burden of your father's sin uncomfortable, you rid yourself of it at poor Despard's expense. If"—a strong emphasis there—"if he be indeed the noble, generous being you pronounce him to be, he cannot enjoy wealth at the cost of your starvation. Of course, it is very nice to clear oneself of remorse and all such nasty things, but I think one ought to hesitate," with a grandly virtuous air, "ere one puts upon a fellow creature a burden which has proved to be unbearable. I suppose you owe Despard a bitter grudge."

"Oh! don't," cried poor overwhelmed Joan, and then she broke down into such sobs and weeping that good-hearted little Julie could scold no more. But after she had ministered to her friend's distress and had left her with a racking headache upon the hard couch in the stuffy bedroom, Lady Lea communed with herself, and her communings ran thus:

"I will take my own advice and act upon my own responsibility. I have so often proved that to be the most satisfactory course. If ever I give way even to Joshua, I am sure to regret it. And I must keep my own counsel, for although Josh would be one with me in this scheme he, being a man, poor fellow, would probably blunder. And this scheme requires much delicacy and tact; I own I do not half like it, but what can one do in this wicked world, save face things as they are, and make the best of them? Joan cannot, so far as I can see, be a peeress now; she must not be a pauper."

For three days, Lady Lea's amiability was remarkable, her disparaging remarks about the apartments and the place were few and far between, and she regarded with the tolerance of silence Joan's badly-cut gowns.

On the fourth day she said to her friend, with an air of much sweetness: "Come out for a stroll, dear; the day is so nice and fresh, a walk will do you good."

Now in point of fact the day was raw and chilly, the sky was o'ercast by portentous clouds and a few ominous raindrops were already falling, moreover Joan had just been complaining of neuralgia. She looked out of the window and she looked at the fire, and she refrained from jumping at my lady's gay suggestion. "I think it is going to rain, Julie."

"Oh, dear, no, the sun will be out in a minute, you can see it shining over the sea now. Put on your hat, darling, we will just have a blow as far as the caves."

"I hate the caves"—so drearily—"I don't think I will go out to-day, Julie, I have neuralgia in my head."

"Then you must have fresh air. Neuralgia! I only wonder I have not got it too in this stuffy, hideous room. Just a bracing run, Joan, and you will come back a new creature."

"It is raining fast now."

"A passing shower—oh! nearly over already. Put on your cloak, we won't go farther than the caves unless you like, but stay in this odious room I can't, and I will not leave you in it either."

Her victim sighed; it was an odious apartment, but it gave warmth and shelter. However, Joan's will was only a poor weak thing now, and easily dominated, so she huddled herself into her cloak, and crept out after her spirited conductress; luckily their goal was not far distant.

"I am glad of shelter," panted the poor neuralgic sufferer as they entered the largest cave.

"I will take a look at the weather, it is worse than I thought," conceded her strategic ladyship. "I will just peep round this corner. Stay where you are till I come back, Joan."

She was long in coming back, but Joan had fallen into a reverie, and did not notice it; when she heard steps at length approaching, on the shingle, she turned wearily.

"There will be no sunshine to-day," she began—then stopped, choked, faint, helpless and without retreat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. MATHON—"Why don't you discharge your cook, if she does not heed you?" Mrs. Youngwife (sobbing)—"I'm afraid to. She threatened to leave me if I discharged her."

The Dictator.

BY S. U. W.

THE sun shone with a scorching glare that speedily parched tongue and throat, and made one pant for breath. The handsome-looking plaster-covered buildings were dazzlingly white, and almost blinded one with their reflected brightness, so that, upon coming out of the sunshine of the streets into the somewhat cooler shade under the trees in the square, everything looked blurred and yellow for some time.

Through the middle of the square ran a promenade, covered with some fine crumbly white limestone, and in the centre of the promenade, equidistant from either end, was the fountain, sparkling and shimmering, and at its base, where the spray was thickest, the red and orange colors of a gorgeous miniature rainbow.

The water fell with a plash, plash, trickle, trickle—sounds delicious in their cool suggestiveness. The water was brought miles and miles for this costly fountain. The poor might thirst sometimes—what did it matter?—but the fountain ran, and the water from it trickled away through leaky drains into the porous sandy soil.

The few Englishmen left in the Republic called it the Dictator's Squirt. The natives didn't call it anything in particular. They shrugged their shoulders when they thought of the money squandered, but didn't often think about it; they were used to that sort of thing. Among other things, they rejoiced in a paper currency, composed largely of I O U's, written by themselves and mostly very dirty and nearly illegible.

No sound save that of the falling water and the monotone of humming insects broke the hot stillness. A strange quietness hung over the place. All along the sides of the promenade and on the coarse grass borders were numbers of men and women lying, some well dressed, some in white, some in all the colors of the rainbow, and again were mere dirty scarecrows.

Viewing the scene from a distance, one might have thought they were sleeping after some carousal. They were all indeed sleeping the same quiet sleep. They were dead. The gravel walks were stained red, fast darkening with the heat. The blood mixed with the gravel was sticky yet, but the sun would soon harden it and blacken it. A gorgeously-colored butterfly whose tints glinted with metallic lustre would occasionally settle upon a poor lifeless body, and then flutter away again, heavily and lazily, in among the glossy and brilliantly green foliage.

The leaves of some of the trees were so bright and polished that one sometimes wondered why they didn't chink and rattle when a breeze shook them. In the far distance were the hills, clear and distinct, and deep purply blue, and above was the sky, a lighter blue.

The irregular tramp of feet could be heard, and then appeared a handsome man, with thin regular features which formed themselves into a disdainful, half-sneering smile. He was dressed in the then prevailing English fashion—tall black hat, white waist-coat, and black frock-coat, tightly-fitting blue trousers, and light gaiters.

Behind him slouched along half-a-dozen or more soldiers of the Republic, wearing dark-green red-striped trousers and green jackets. Surely these soldiers were the most villainous-looking six that ever marched together; cunning, dark-eyed, and suspicious, each looked as though he could do murder on the slightest provocation.

Their leader was the Dictator.

South American republics have a decided objection to being tyrannised over by anything less than a Dictator. Then when they get tired of tyranny and peace they have a little war and bloodshed. Sometimes they triumph, and elect another Dictator, to be knocked down when they get tired of him. Sometimes the Dictator proves victorious, and then he generally takes a bath in blood.

This was the case now.

Coming along in the other direction was a little negro boy. He had no business there, and moreover he was laughing at something. The Dictator looked wicked. The sound irritated him, which was bad for the little boy.

When the lad came upon the soldiers he stopped laughing, and looked up in surprise, showing the whites of his eyes.

The Dictator stepped up to him and asked a question in Spanish. The boy looked up at him; his face lost the sur-

prised look and broadened into a grin. He evidently didn't understand Spanish.

Now, the Dictator is the greatest man in the Republic, and each Republic is the greatest ever seen; the whole world watches it with envy.

So the Dictator coolly drew a sword from the scabbard of the soldier nearest him and sliced off one side of the black boy's face, including the ear. The blood dripped down on to his shoulder and soaked the thin gray cotton jacket. The boy looked up with a piteous expression, mutely imploring like a dog, and sank slowly to his knees.

"Grinning yet," sneered the Dictator in Spanish. Another vicious stroke and his head was divided in two as far as the nose. He fell forward on his breast, with arms stretched out straight in front of him.

Then the Dictator returned the sword to his follower, and with his handkerchief carefully wiped off, as well as he was able, a spot or two of blood that had spattered his waistcoat. Then the party continued their tour of inspection.

The day wore on and darkened into night; the subdued hoarse roar of the distant sea could be heard. Fireflies danced about like erratic stars; some bird or beast in the distance uttered a doleful cry in a minor key; a bat flapped about overhead, and the fountain still plashed musically.

The night was not dark, and among other shadows was one that moved about. It was the father come to look for his son. Perhaps he was a slave from the uplands, who knows?

He found his poor little boy, and bent over him for some time without uttering a sound. Then he took him up tenderly in his arms and bore him off, uttering a low moan the while.

* * * * * *

I first met the Dictator some years after this. I was going round the world for pleasure by easy stages. The vessel I was on was a slow-going steam tramp. We put into the principal harbor of the Republic, but were not even allowed to land, and were searched from stem to stern, the object of the search being this same Dictator. The captain waxed wroth at the indignity, but submitted. There had been a revolution; the Dictator had fled. Across the dancing sunlit water we could see houses and public buildings in the town still smouldering.

We left the harbor next morning, and discovered, before we were very far out, we had a stowaway—the Dictator. The captain came to me and told me about it.

"He's the biggest brute unshot," said the captain; "but to send him back would be sheer murder, and I'm not going to do it. But the first place we come to that's not too hot to hold him, off he goes!"

The captain said the man knew English well, and so I found. But it was the English of the slums, plentifully interspersed with oaths. From whom he had learnt it I know not. Choice fellows they must have been, at any rate.

I announced my intention of going to look at him.

"He's a polished scoundrel," said the captain, "and I wish they had caught him. I'll let him know who's dictator aboard this ship, any way. The way he lets out the most beastly language with the most polite air in the world raises your eyebrows."

I saw him later on under the yellow light of the lamp in the cabin: olive-complexioned, straight-featured, much-moustached, handsome.

He was polite—much too polite to be sincere; offered me a chair and a cigarette, his black eyes following me about as I moved. I am sure I don't know why, but I felt uncomfortable each time he looked at me.

He suggested a game of chess, and the two of us sat down to play. I had the worst of the game from the first.

The captain came in and watched us, his big red beard and his open bronzed face offering a singular contrast to the dark, cunning, and handsome mask opposite.

Then George, the black, came in with a glass of grog for the captain, and stood a moment behind me, watching the game. The Dictator glanced up out of the corners of his eyes, and without any warning took up the glass that had just been set down and shied it past my head at George, the grog flying out in a circle.

"Curse you!" roared the captain. He grabbed the Dictator by the collar and shook him until I thought his head would have rolled off or his eyes have been joggled out. "I'll chuck you into the sea, you little brute!" shouted the captain in his wrath.

Then he let the Dictator drop, looking like a bundle of loose clothes. He got up slowly, saying nothing, but his black eyes flashing as he pulled down his soiled cuffs from under his coat-sleeves and settled his coat on his back.

I left him twirling his black moustache and showing his white teeth beneath it.

I was talking to the first mate the next morning. Then I learned that the Dictator had shown his ungovernable temper again, and the captain had clapped him in irons.

'Serve the darned little black villain too,' said the mate—'wants chawing up, and the cap'n's the boy to do it.'

We came to a very curious place, about which there has since been some talk in the scientific world. It was an island, and of some extent too, being about one mile from north to south, and half that from east to west. It had arisen in the course of a night to astonish and perplex mariners. That the island was volcanic there were many evidences, as was proved later on, and on the mainland, about a league distant, a small crater had been formed, and was pouring lava down. Then, too, there were two or three enormous chasms. These gaps in the solid crust of the earth ran for miles, and hundreds of feet down was molten lava, that swashed sullenly about, and sometimes the confined gas would burst through it, and the rumble it made could be heard on board the ship. Above these cracks hung thick, heavy vapors, and marked their course across the country for miles.

We couldn't see the lava because of the vapor, but we could hear it; and at night it illuminated the smoke and gas hanging above, forming dull red streaks across the face of the land, which sometimes wavered about when the breeze happened to be fresh.

Of course we landed to have a look at these phenomena. What reason we recorded for doing so I don't know.

The Dictator was released from his irons that morning, and was pacing the deck when we were putting off for the shore.

'Kindly intercede for me with the brave captain, Signor Smith,' said he, addressing me. 'I will be merry as a lark, and quiet, verra quiet—no rows.'

'Very well, come aboard, and look sharp,' said the captain.

He did as he was bid without more ado, and we made for the shore.

Though the morning was yet young, it was hot—miserably hot—and no wind stirring. The shore was a desert of shifting sand, with a few low and bare sandhills here and there. Further on we could see the country, almost a desert, with bits of scrubby brushwood scattered about, parched and frizzled up; no water anywhere, save the sea, as far as we could make out.

The first thing we noticed when we had left the beach behind was a coating of extremely fine dust, nearly an inch thick in places, and covering everything. If one was not careful in stepping, a cloud of it was raised by a kick, and it was so fine it got into the lungs and nearly choked one. I took up a handful of it, but it was so hot with the sun I scattered it again.

Now the Dictator was not so well dressed as usual—still neat with regard to his clothes, but without shoes or socks. He had been so on deck when he had craved permission to come, and had come just as he was. I think he must have found it pretty warm walking.

We peered round and poked our noses over the chasms. They were just as I have described them.

Then we missed the Dictator; he was nowhere within sight.

"I expect he's scooted off if he knows the country at all," I said.

"Don't think so," said the captain. "We're hundreds of miles from anywhere or anybody, and an ant couldn't live much anywhere round here. I hope we have lost him."

I scraped away some of the hot sand and dust, and sat down while the captain went further afield, exploring a bit. I didn't answer him; it was too hot, and I felt almost too lazy to move at all.

The captain was soon out of sight. I expect he got tired of exploring, and went back to the boat. I was just thinking of doing so also when suddenly there broke upon my sight from round the base of a sandhill a man running at full speed, his face white and terrified-looking, and wet with perspiration.

"Hullo! where are you off?" I cried.

He stopped suddenly in his wild career and regarded me perplexedly.

It was the Dictator, with bare and bleeding feet, and the hot ashes caked the blood on the raw places.

His trousers were jagged and torn short just below the knees, and showed his thin legs. Beads of sweat ran along his long nose and dropped off one by one. He looked at me perplexedly, and rubbed that aquiline nose of his meditatively with a long fore finger. Then he laughed a crazy laugh.

"The devil's after the Dictator!" he said.

His eyes didn't look right, and I said to myself, "He's mad with the sun."

"The devil—he caught me by the legs, and howled; he did shriek!"

He had forgotten me altogether, and was muttering to himself.

"Look here, you lean scarecrow! you'd better come along and get on board," I said.

Just then I heard some unearthly shrieks, and from the same sandhill where the Dictator first appeared rushed a negro, his arms moving like the sails of a windmill, and even at that distance I could see the whites of his eyes, and that he was blowing and snorting like a horse. In his left hand was a long, curved knife that flashed in the sun.

"The devil!" screamed the Dictator, a look of abject fear coming into his eyes once again. He started to run, taking short strides and going at top speed.

"Where are you going?" I shouted after him, and started running too.

"Down below!" he yelled, turning his head over his shoulder; and as he ran he laughed a short, despairing laugh, the very mockery of laughter.

They were both ahead of me now, the black brandishing his knife and yelling. The upper part of his body was quite bare, and glistened in the sun. Dust rose their feet as they ran, and drifted along the ground in low clouds.

The black was gaining rapidly on the Dictator. Then I remembered they were rushing along in the direction of the freshly-opened chasm. I stopped running, and shouted after them with all the wind I had left.

The black was now almost upon the Dictator, and I saw the gleam of his knife as he raised it in the air. Then both suddenly dropped out of sight. As far as one could see there was now no living thing for miles around, only the sandy desert with its patches of loose gray pumice-dust, a few scattered and dust-covered skeletons of horses and cattle, the cloudless sky and the blazing sun.

I walked slowly down to the beach, and there found the boat. The captain had gone aboard. George, the captain's black, was missing.

That was the last of the Dictator.

A Cat and Rat Story.—John Tillar, a farmer living in the country several miles distant from Gurdon, Arkansas, related recently to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat writer a curious story concerning the friendship existing between a cat and a rat.

About six months ago he first observed the rat in company with a large tom-cat belonging to him, but he cannot say as to how the strange relationship existing between them was brought about. At first the rat refrained entering the house with the cat. However, it was not long before its apparent shyness was overcome.

Soon they became inseparable. They ate, slept and went about the premises together. The family, under the circumstances, regarded the rat with a friendly feeling. The rat has virtually struck a bonanza, and is just as much at home with all the members of the Tillar household as its feline benefactor.

In the daytime these strange friends occupy a rug on the porch together, enjoying the bright sunshine and pleasant breeze, while at night they prowl instinctively about the premises in search of prey. Mr. Tillar is enthusiastic about his pets, and relates many interesting things regarding them.

An Odd Restriction.—At a recent exhibition of modern paintings in Germany the subjoined announcement was posted up:—

"Take Notice!

"In order that the effect of the pictures may not be totally lost, or at least partially impaired, by the loud and glaring colors of ladies' dresses, the managers have decided to issue the following regulations:—

"The galleries are only opened to visitors dressed in white, black, or violet. Gray has the privilege of being admitted at a reduced entrance fee. Violet is admitted free of charge. Persons wearing the national costumes are refused admission.

"The public are requested to observe the above rules in the interest of art and artists, and be particular to appear in violet. "The Managers."

Bric-a-Brac.

Post Offices.—Pennsylvania has twelve postal towns with very peculiar names—viz., Stumptown, Bullskin, Shintown, Jugtown, Puckerty, Sin, Sis, Scrubgrass, Her's, Man's Choice, Maiden's Choice, and Bird in Hand.

Secured its Abolition.—The women of Zurich have won a great victory. They have secured the suppression of the Thierbuch, a publication which revealed their ages, occupations, ancestors, etc. It was issued annually, and was more frequently consulted at cafes and other public resorts than the city directory. Now that its fate has been sealed, one cannot purchase a copy of the last edition without paying handsomely for it.

Sub Rosa.—The phrase sub rosa—under the rose—had its origin B. C. 447, at which time Pausanias, a Spartan, entered into a deal with Xerxes for the subjugation of Greece, the reward to be the Persian monarch's daughter. Their negotiations were conducted under a bower of roses attached to the Temple of Minerva. Pausanias was finally discovered and the people sought to slay him, but he took shelter in the Temple of Minerva, which was free from search. However, the people walled up the edifice so he couldn't get out, his mother laying the first stone. He died of starvation.

Collections.—The Prince of Wales has been renowned on the Continent for his collection of pipes. Perhaps he may have such a museum, and we must, in the meanwhile, trust the word of the Parisian journalist for it; he is always remarkably well-informed. What is more certain is that the Czar is a collector of postage stamps and eggs of birds of prey; and the German Emperor, the King of Roumania, and the King of Sweden have a mania for autographs; and the Queen of Italy collects gloves and shoes that have belonged to sovereigns; she has lately had a shoe presented to her that was worn by the Czarina Catherine, and the most ancient shoe in the Queen's museum dates 400 years back.

A Legend of Mentone.—Apropos of the lemon trees at Mentone on the Mediterranean the people are fond of repeating the following legend:—When Adam and Eve were driven from Paradise, it is said that Eve, weeping and reluctant, picked a lemon, one of the fairest fruits, intending to keep it during her wanderings until she should reach a spot which most resembled her beloved lost home. For many years the fruit remained in her possession. One day the pair arrived at that place where Mentone now stands. Eve hesitated no longer, but planted her lemon on the spot which most reminded her of Paradise; and from that time to this lemon-trees have thriven and prospered better at Mentone than at any other place.

Circumstantial Evidence.—What the value of circumstantial evidence may be is proved by an authenticated recent story of a rare and valuable old coin being produced by a passenger on board an ocean steamer, of its being passed round for inspection, and of its disappearance. All the passengers, with one exception, agreed to have their pockets searched. The one man who refused was boycotted for the rest of the voyage as being the guilty party. Just as the vessel got into port the coin was found in a corner of the cabin, and it then transpired that the reason the one passenger declined to be searched was that he had a coin in his pocket exactly similar to the one mislaid, and that its production would have been regarded absolutely conclusive as circumstantial evidence of his guilt.

Tricks of Trade.—Gibraltar is a free port; and, as one might suppose, a good deal of smuggling goes on across the Spanish lines. A common plan is for a Spaniard to take a lot of mongrel dogs into the town, tie tobacco round their bodies, and send them off home at full gallop to take their chance of escaping the sentinels' rifles. But a short time since a better story was told. It was suspected somehow that a good deal of lace was being brought across duty free. There was a lady who was in the habit of driving to and fro with an invalid husband in a carriage; and she seemed to devote the utmost attention to her wifely duties. Her conduct was greatly admired, until on some suspicion falling on this exemplary person, her carriage was stopped and searched. The poor sufferer proved to be a dummy, made up of nothing but bundles of lace.

EVENING.

BY F. J.

The shadows are trailing eastward,
As the sun sinks down in the west,
And the clouds flush crimson and golden
As he leaves the world to its rest.

Another day has departed,
To be laid with the by-gone years—
Has passed with its cares and troubles,
Its pleasures, its hopes, its fears.

Did we aid the toil-worn brother—
Did we lift a care from his soul—
Did we stretch a hand to the fallen—
As the day sped on to its goal?

Ah me! The heart grows harder
As the days grow into years;
For ever and all around us
We hear but the sound of tears—

Still darker grow the heavens,
And swiftly cometh the night—
Oh, would that the dawn were breaking
Of eternal joy and light!

With None Between.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVER AND LORD," "WITH A ROD OF IRON," "A MAD LOVE," "DOLLY'S LUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HE will drag her secret—her miserable guilty secret—from her against her will, she thinks, with a pang of frantic fear. Her strength is failing fast, the hysteric lump is swelling in her throat, in another moment she will fling herself at his feet and sob out the full confession of her crime—of that crime which shines with lurid light from out the shadowed darkness of her past, and worse sin that lies in the near future—the selfish cruel crime which she, a dying woman, still dares to hope that Heaven will allow her to commit.

Oscar sees that fierce inner struggle reflected in the workings of her face, and, bending over her in a last desperate appeal, seizes the fluttering ice-cold hands in his and forces her to meet his glance.

"You know and you can help me!" he exclaims, his face white as her own, his eyes shining with eager passion, his voice trembling like that of a frightened child. "Mrs. Wentworth, you must! Every look you give, every word you utter, confirms me in what I feel! I beg of you, on my knees, to speak!"

"If I will not—what then? Do you mean to add threats to your cruel persistency now? I am a fit subject for such treatment, sir!"

He feels all the force of the reproach, and drops the white hands with a smothered groan.

"I know—I see; but, Heaven forgive me, it is your very pain and weakness that force me to go on! If you have no knowledge, why should my every question torture you as it does?"

"Let me ask another question, Mr. Clifford. Does any interest at stake give you the right to torture a dying woman, as you own that you are torturing me?"

"No," Oscar responds, "I do not threaten; but to you I make my last appeal. Mrs. Wentworth, tell me solemnly that there is no reason within your knowledge why Lord Archdale and Katherine Jephson should not be man and wife—no just cause or impediment between them—and I will take your word."

A solemn pause—a pause of breathless eagerness for Oscar Clifford, of such torturing agony for Mrs. Wentworth as she has not yet ever known. Has he mastered her at last—must she tell him all? A frantic fear that it is so assails her, and a wild prayer for help flutters to her pale parted lips. It is an impious prayer, though in her utter agony the woman hardly realizes that—a prayer to Heaven for strength to break alike Heaven's laws and those of man; but nevertheless the help she craves is sent.

Just as her strength fails and she is about in her despair to sob forth the words that might save her soul, but must, nevertheless, crush her with a weight of cruel shame, the door opens, and bright-eyed Georgie rushes joyfully in.

"You can see visitors, mother," he says, running to his mother's side and looking jealously askance at Mr. Clifford; "you are quite well again, and yet you never sent Harriet to say so. Had you forgotten me?"

The question is like a knife-thrust in the wretched woman's heart.

"Forgotten you, my darling? May Heaven forget me when I do! You are all the world to me! We are all the world to one another, Georgie, and we shall be together now so short a time! Why should we think of any interests but our own?"

Georgie shrinks back, half frightened by the frantic vehemence, which is startling even in his hysterical impulsive mother. Oscar Clifford regards the curious pair with a very sad and hopeless look in his blue eyes, dimly understanding that a chance of penetrating the mystery that enfolds them has been his and is gone.

Almost as the thought flits through his mind, Mrs. Wentworth raises her head and says, with all the calmness of unalterable decision—

"I am sorry for your trouble, but I cannot help you, Mr. Clifford. I know no reason why Lord Archdale and Miss Jephson should not be man and wife."

* * * * * *

"It is really time you came to some decision about the bridesmaids' dresses, Kitty. It is not fair to an artist like Therese to hurry her at the last. My own dress will be home next week, and is a perfect poem."

Mrs. Jephson, lounging daintily in the warm glow of the firelight, utters her little reproach with her usual plaintive air.

Kitty looks up from the book she has held open before her without turning a page for the last half-hour or more, and says, in an apologetic tone—

"I beg your pardon, Helen; I did not quite catch what you said. Something about your dress, was it not?"

"About my own dress, which is settled and done with, and those other important dresses that are in cloudland still. Therese is growing quite anxious about the matter, and asked me yesterday when you meant to make up your mind."

Kitty has not much color to lose now; she has grown very pale, thin, and anxious-looking during the past two months—has lost all her saucy brightness and nearly all her brilliant brunette tints—but her cheeks whiten, and, watching her, Helen Jephson sees the look of scared pain that has been so frequently there creep into the big dark-circled eyes.

But, whatever her secret grief, Kitty does consciously display it, and answers now with perfect composure, though with an utter lack of interest that is perhaps hardly natural in her case.

"Yes—it is hardly fair to Therese. I should have settled something before, but really I have no mind to make up. Why do you not choose the dresses yourself, Helen? Your taste in such matters is far better than mine, and you would only have Lilian and Fanny Carr and Jessie Monk to consult."

Mrs. Jephson simpers amiably over the compliment; but she shakes her blonde head in shocked protest all the same.

"Impossible—an unheard-of thing, my dear Kitty!" she says, in a tone of authority and rebuke. "You and your bridesmaids must consult upon the subject; and, as the Carrs are away, there is only Jessie Monk."

"And I can see Jessie any day."

"You cannot possibly see her too soon. Why not walk down to the Vicarage this afternoon, Kitty, and have a little chat with her on the subject? There will be plenty of time before Lord Archdale comes. I would go with you if the day were less detestable"—turning, with an affected little shiver, to regard the delicate frosty mist settling about the window-panes—"but you do not mind the cold, I know. And a walk may do you good, and bring back those June roses whose loss he so feelingly laments."

There is the usual tinge of spiteful sarcasm in the last words, for Mrs. Jephson sincerely believes that any color more pronounced than her own is a crime and a sin against the canons of good taste. If Lord Archdale were not about to do her the good service of taking her step-daughter away, she would not hesitate to describe him openly as the vulgar-minded Philistine he has long been labeled in her secret thoughts. As it is, the only vengeance she takes is a spiteful sneer at Kitty every now and then.

The latter does not heed the sarcasm, but catches almost eagerly at the suggestion. A walk will give her a far safer solitude than the poor shelter her book affords; but she has been too listless and lethargic even to think of this very natural refuge for herself.

"A very good idea, Helen!" she exclaims, rising at once and putting the book briskly aside. "I have not been out to-day, and the afternoon looks quite inviting to me. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing but give my love to Mrs. Monk and Jessie. Oh—and, Kitty, pray be careful that Jessie does not choose any terrible glaring primary tints that will be out of all keeping with the delicate tertiaries of mine! She is a good creature, but rather vulgar in her tastes, I am afraid."

Kitty listens with a faint twitch of the lips, which is the very ghost of her old swift and vivid smile, and says as she goes—

"Be at peace, Helen, on that point. Whatever we think of choosing shall be laid before you as a last court of appeal; but I do not think either of us—Jessie or I—is likely to shock your susceptibilities."

Mrs. Jephson, sinking languidly back among her pillows, looks after her step-daughter with faintly puzzled eyes.

"Kitty has been terribly listless and uninteresting of late," she thinks. "What a man like Lord Archdale can see in her, I must say I fail to understand. However, I am most thankful for the thing that puzzles me; and shall be very glad when the wedding has taken place. Somehow, goodness know why, I am nervous and superstitious about the matter, and, until I see the ring on Kitty's finger and hear the blessing pronounced shall never believe that she will ever really be Lady Archdale, after all."

Meanwhile, out in the fresh frosty air, which so short a time back would not only have brought the red roses to her cheeks and set the blood coursing briskly in her veins, but filled her open-air loving spirit with an innocent exultation, Kitty walks towards the Vicarage now. She is in no hurry to reach her destination, and walks on in a dull listless fashion, thinking of all that is and is to be, trying to cast her thoughts into and realize the fate so near at hand.

"In three weeks I shall be Lord Archdale's wife." She actually utters the words aloud in her eagerness to bring their meaning fully home; but there is no one to hear her in that leafless solitude, upon which the fast sinking winter sun, red and low, is shining. "Three weeks, and I must live only in the future then. It will be sin even to cast a thought back on the past; it is folly—worse than folly now, but then it will be sin."

The pretty lips quiver as the word of grim significance drops from them in frightened fashion, the big desolate-looking eyes brim over, and great tears roll one by one down the pale cheeks.

"That is the difference; and I have made it for myself—spoiled my life by my own frantic folly, my own vanity and pride! Oh, I see it now, when it is too late to draw back, too late to change! I thought I could better bear the news of Oscar's marriage if mine had preceded his by ever so short a time—that I could better bear to meet his wife if I were a wife myself. Now I know how wrong, how mad I was! I could bear anything—Helen's taunts, my father's indifference, even the sight of Oscar's happiness, if only I might be free."

Blinded with her thickly-coming tears, Kitty turns the sharp corner of the lane that leads down to the Vicarage gate, and in so doing runs almost into the arms of a young man who is walking at a rapid rate. A hurried apologetic exclamation, a start on the part of both, and then, as their eyes meet, a quick glad recognising cry, in which all misery and all memory are lost for the moment at least.

"Oscar!"—"Kitty!"

So the long-sundered lovers met at last, and "their spirits rush together," if not "at the touching of their lips," in that long hand-clasp which seems to give strength, hope, help, and comfort to the one, and to the other all that can be realised in the long-missed presence of the being held dearest and best.

How long they stand thus together, with faces pale in the ruddy glow of the frosty sunset and a wild light of joy in their eyes, neither could probably tell; but Oscar is the first to feel the absurdity of their dumb greeting and breaks the silence that means so much.

"It is really you, Kitty?" he says, trying to speak with something like ease, but utterly failing to subdue the tremor that breaks his pleasant voice. "I may ask the question—I might almost put it in serious earnest, you are so pale, so thin, so changed!"

The blue eyes are full of tenderest pity, but their glance wounds Kitty's sensitive pride to the quick. A horrible maddening suspicion that he is here to explain Miss Grandison's irresistible charm, to apologise for deserting her, sends the girl's blood coursing through her veins. She is anything but pale as she draws away the hand he still tries to retain, and answers, with a curious little laugh—

"You have not grown more complimentary, Oscar; I have been accustomed to prettier speeches of late! What you say is tantamount to telling me that in your three years' absence I have grown old; and what woman can be expected to forgive such a speech?"

It is good acting in its way, the most deliberate honest Kitty has ever indulged in; but, watching her keenly, Oscar thinks he sees the misery underlying the light words.

"It does not mean that; and you know it, Kitty," he answers gravely; and the girl's whole passionate nature rises in rebellious protest against the rebuke of that grave tone. "It means only that, to me at least, you are sadly and sorrowfully changed."

"Changed?" Kitty's laugh is genuine enough in its bitter mocking sarcasm now. "Of course I am changed! This is a world of change, Oscar, and no one person in it can think of standing still. And that reminds me, by-the-way, that you and I are doing so in rather frosty weather, and I have had a bad cold lately."

"You were going this way?" he asks, looking down the winding lane. "To the Vicarage, I suppose?"

"To the Vicarage? Yes." She pauses, hesitates a second, and then, the temptation to startle and shock and wound him, to make him participate in the horrible suffering that has fallen to his share being irresistible, raises to his eyes that are bright with defiant pain, and says, very slowly and distinctly—

"I am going to see Jessie Monk, to decide what dresses my bridesmaids shall wear. You know, do you not, that I am to be married soon?"

There is no surprise in the frank face she studies with such desperate eagerness, only the shadow of an old and patiently-borne pain, with something of the pity Kitty most resents.

"Yes, I know; it is that knowledge that has brought me home."

"To offer your congratulations. That was really kind, especially as I have been by no means so prompt with mine. Which of us two will be married first?"

Poor Kitty, proud of her fluent flippancy, of the courage that has come to her in a sudden rush, never thinks how her jealous pain betrays itself in every word, in the brilliant bloom that comes with every breath, in the fire of her upraised shining eyes. But Oscar Clifford sees it all, and it brings hardly perhaps hope, but something of what he feels to be a selfish comfort to his aching heart.

"There is some misunderstanding: but I am not surprised," he answers quietly. "I am not to be married, Kitty; I think it more than likely I shall never marry now."

"Oscar!" The one word is eloquent of wonder, doubt, and inexpressible joy; the girl's hands flutter out in a quick spontaneous gesture of gratitude and relief. She draws them back even more quickly, but not before the man who loves her has seen and understood, and knows that she loves him still.

"It is true, Kitty—true every word! You heard that I was engaged to Margaret Grandison, I suppose?"

"To Miss Grandison, the American beauty, whom you have painted so often; whom you admire so much?"

"I have painted her often; a struggling artist does not refuse such commissions as her millionaire father can give; besides, it was a real pleasure to paint any one so perfectly beautiful; but we were friends from first to last, Kitty—never for a moment anything more. She has been engaged all along, and she will be married before the year is out to my old friend and fellow-student Clement Moore."

Kitty cannot answer. If death were the instant penalty of silence she could not speak one word. The joy that thrills through every fibre of her being, the pain that tears so savagely at her heart, combine to make her dumb. She only looks into his face with eyes brimful of tears, with lips quivering in such piteous childish fashion that Oscar forgets all his proud determination to respect Lord Archdale's rights, forgets everything but the supreme fact that the one love of his life has doubted him, and been made horribly miserable by that doubt, and that now he can set himself right in her eyes.

"How could you believe that story, Kitty?" he asks, drawing dangerously near, while his deep voice drops to a tone of passionately tender reproach. "How could you think that Margaret Grandison

or any other woman could make me forget you?"

"Oh, hush!" she cries, in wild appeal for help against herself; but she draws nearer with the frightened whisper, and all her efforts cannot quench the quick betraying joy in the dark misty eyes. "Offer, I must not listen—you forget!"

"I forget nothing, dear; and you may hear me out. I must set myself right in your eyes, but I will say nothing that the future Lady Archdale may not hear; your fate is fixed, and I will not try to change it, Kitty. I will only hope and pray that it may be a happy one."

"Happy!" the girl echoes, with a wild mocking laugh. "It never could have been that; it will be torture and misery now. If you really loved, why did you treat me cruelly, Oscar—never to write, never to come, to let me think you had forgotten?"

She breaks down in a sudden rush of tears, a tempest of sobs that shakes her from head to foot, and somehow—they neither of them know how it happens—his arm steals about her and her head is pillowed once more on her lost lover's breast.

"Hush, Kitty, my darling!" he cries in agitated tones of appeal. "All that you say is true. I have been a brute, a proud, obstinate, wrong-headed fool. You cannot blame me as I blame myself. I can bear your reproaches, but not to see you like this. I was a coward to come to you, Kitty, now, when it is too late!"

"Is it too late?" The girl looks up with a new light of hope in the eyes that gleam brightly from between her dark lashes. "Oscar, why should my promise bind me to a cheat?"

"A cheat?" Oscar Clifford echoes, not understanding; and Kitty goes vehemently on.

"Yes! Lord Archdale cheated, wilfully and cruelly deceived me, I know. It was he who, coming straight from Rome, told me of your engagement to Miss Grandison, when he must have known that it was untrue?"

It is hard to resist the passionate beseeching eyes that seem to implore him to help and succor her; to tell her that she is right, that treachery on Lord Archdale's part has given her the right to break her bonds and be free. But, fierce as the temptation is, he puts it from him; he is too proud and honest to slander his unconscious rival, or even let his silence do him wrong.

"There was no deceit, dear," he says sadly. "Lord Archdale heard the report on every hand, and there is no reason to believe he doubted what he heard. Let me tell you, once for all, Kitty, how curiously Margaret Grandison and I were thrown together for weeks and months, until most people came to look upon us as an engaged pair."

And he does tell briefly and clearly the story of a love that had been rough and chequered enough in its earlier course; tells her how Clement Moore, penniless artist, and Margaret Grandison, heiress and beauty, had won each other's heart; how all the pretty coaxings and entreaties of the spoiled girl had failed to gain her father's consent to the match that, for his beautiful child, he naturally considered a preposterous one; how the young couple, putting their heads together, had agreed to wait, if necessary, until they were both old and gray, and appeared quite happy in this cheerful prospect until Clement was suddenly summoned home to the death-bed of his godmother, a rich and eccentric old lady, who, after petting and spoiling him all through his boyhood, had characteristically quarreled with him when her assistance would have been of real help.

"Of course Clem eagerly obeyed the summons, though, in his frame of mind then, he could hardly bear to leave his beautiful betrothed. If his engagement could have been publicly announced, it would have been a different matter; but the thought of her, apparently free and followed everywhere by her persistent, ever-increasing train of flatterers, drove the poor fellow nearly frantic with jealous pain.

"'It is not that I doubt Maggie, Clifford,' he said the night before he left Rome. 'Heaven bless her—she is as true as the stars; but she dazzles all who look upon her lovely face. And, after all, she is only a girl, and, with me away and her father dead against her——Oh, hang it all, old fellow, I don't think I can go!'

"'And so throw away the best chance you have of winning Miss Grandison?' I said, speaking with more severity than I really felt. 'Don't talk like a schoolboy, Clem. Have more faith in the girl you love and in yourself!'

"'Will you look after her when I am gone? You are the only person who knows of our engagement, and she likes and trusts you so much. Say that you will do this, dear old fellow, and you will lift a horrible burden from my mind!'

"Of course, so urged I could only consent, Kitty, and accept the rather absurd charge. It was an unsatisfactory one from first to last, though I had a real liking and regard for Margaret Grandison—for people perpetually and persistently misunderstood the relations between us, and I was constantly met with congratulations on my good fortune in carrying off from a crowd of more eligible suitors so wealthy and beautiful a bride.

"It was an infinite relief when Clem wrote to announce the success of his mission, as also when he returned to Rome; even though he came back in a jealous frenzy, into which he had been worked by the gossiping letter of a lady newspaper correspondent, who, catching some inkling of his love-story and mixing it up with what she saw and heard from to day, had woven a pretty little romance about Miss Grandison and me, which culminated in the announcement of our immediate marriage."

"And he came back jealous of you—he who knew you so well?" Kitty asks drearily, thinking with remorse that she who knew him even better had doubted and wronged that loyal nature too.

"He came back, ready to quarrel to the death—impatient of all explanation, of all attempt to explain; but he came to his senses soon. We are as good friends as ever, and he and Margaret are engaged, with Mr. Grandison's consent."

He pauses, looking with infinite love and longing at the pale sweet upraised face, at the dark pathetic eyes, from which the last spark of hope had faded now. Not often again may he and she stand side by side, or speak openly of the love that they must bury out of sight, since it is beyond their power to kill.

There is anguish inexpressible in the thought, but Oscar strikes his decisive blow in honor's cause.

"So you see, my darling," he says gently, "Lord Archdale did not deceive you; he was deceived himself."

"Infinitely obliged, my dear Clifford! But I don't quite see what accusation compels you to take my part," is heard in Lord Archdale's soft, sneering, drawling voice.

CHAPTER XVII.

KITTY looks up into Lord Archdale's face, and seems for the first time to realize how mean, false, and cruel is the nature that looks through the hard handsome eyes and sharpens the many lines about the smiling lips. She makes no attempt to explain; she can only shrink away from his lordship and creep a little nearer to Oscar Clifford's side.

The latter certainly has no cause to blush, having acted honestly and honorably in face of sore temptation, and respected the rights that extinguished his own. Yet he feels the embarrassment of the situation keenly—feels it far more for Kitty than himself, and colors deeply as he says frankly—

"It was a strange speech to overhear, and one that naturally vexed you, Lord Archdale; but it is easy to explain, nevertheless. I was telling Miss Jephson how it happened that you, in common with many other people, came to believe Miss Grandison engaged to me."

Lord Archdale elevates his fine pencilled brows; the lips retain their bland smile, but his gray eyes glitter ominously.

"A story of vital interest to Miss Jephson, no doubt, and one that took long in the telling, I suppose, seeing how very late it is. Have you finished your business at the Vicarage, Kitty?"

The matter-of-course inquiry, the quiet tone of mastery and command, have precisely the effect he intends them to have, and bring Kitty Jephson back to a sense of her position, her duties, her inevitable fate, as no angry menace, no loud assertion of right could have done. The last thought of desperate appeal, of casting herself upon his mercy, fades from her mind. She looks at him with the eyes of a frightened child, and helplessly tries to explain.

"I have not been to the Vicarage yet. I met Mr. Oscar Clifford, and——"

"And, like the Ancient Mariner, he 'held you with his glittering eye,' and made you listen to the story of his love, or his supposed love, rather," Lord Archdale says, with a laugh of easy and tolerant good-nature, the laugh of a man whose mind no suspicion has crossed—"the privilege of an old friend, I suppose, but rather a bore for a young lady who is accustomed to hear of no perfections save her own. Rather a bore too for Miss Monk, who has all this time been plotting visionary splendors for the great day—eh, Kitty? Mrs. Jephson told me you went down to consult her about the bridesmaids' dresses. Shall we leave you at the Vicarage now, or will you walk back to the Elms with me?"

"I—just as you like," Kitty stammers, too helpless and bewildered to assert herself in any way. If he would only make some show of anger or suspicion—if he would question or denounce her, she might speak, tell the whole truth, and leave it to him to cast her off or keep her to her word. But, while he takes everything for granted in this easy good-natured fashion, what can she do but follow his lead?

"Just as you please, rather," he echoes, with his curious flitting smile. "My dear Kitty, you cannot suppose I want to part with you so soon; but if you have an appointment with Miss Monk and millinery mysteries to discuss——"

"There is no appointment; I will come back with you." Kitty turns as she speaks, and a faint tinge of color comes to her pale face as she meets Mr. Clifford's sorrowful blue eyes. But she has regained something of self-command now, and it is in her ordinary clear voice that she adds, "You are coming on to the Elms too, Oscar. My father will be vexed if your first visit is not paid to him.

Oscar Clifford hesitates for a second, divided between the wild longing to escape from the scene of an intolerable anguish and the loyal wish to stand by and help Kitty at any cost of pain to himself. If he could only be sure that his presence would help her, there would be no wavering of the balance. He is sure when he meets her swift beseeching glance, and answers hurriedly—

"Yes, I will come. I came to make that call, for I must be back in town to-night."

"Indeed!" Lord Archdale looks at him with innocent surprise. "You were lucky then to meet Kitty, and I to drop upon you both. Are you in England on business or pleasure only?"

"Yes—no—that is, a mixture of both," Oscar answers at random, and with a sharp ring of irritation in his tone. He is wondering angrily whether Lord Archdale is as completely the dupe of his own vanity, as smugly self-contented as he seems, or whether, for some cruel purpose of his own, he is playing with and torturing them both. The latter suspicion haunts him; but he can read no confirmation of it in Lord Archdale's handsome impassive face, in the calm indifference of his eyes, or the cool carelessness with which he says—

"So you and Miss Grandison played a little serio-comedy that took in all Rome, Clifford. I was quite sorry, for your sake, to hear the engagement was a bogus one, for Miss Grandison really was one of the loveliest girls I ever saw, and, from all I hear, the paternal dollars were pretty safe."

Oscar inclines his head a little grimly. In other circumstances he would utter his protest against the rather coarse style of banter his rival chooses to adopt—perhaps, were the circumstances different, would protest more strongly still.

"There is no need for regret on my part or that of my friends," he answers quietly. "Miss Grandison was all along engaged to Mr. Clement Moore."

"Ah, so I understand—an ineligible to whom the pere Grandison objected, and against whom he would probably have taken strong measures but that you diverted his suspicions and cleverly drew him off the scent! I have heard the story before, you see! The young lovers must owe you a debt of gratitude for helping them with that always successful stage trick."

Oscar's blue eyes flash so angrily that Kitty, who has listened with nervous terror, hastens now to interpose.

"Go on first and surprise them, Oscar. You are sure to find my father in his sanctum at this time, and it will delight him so to see you walk in unexpectedly."

The suggestion is thrown out absolutely at random, Kitty's one thought being in any possible way to prevent a collision between these two. But both men misinterpret it as a matter of course.

Oscar obeys at once, feeling a thrill of wounded pride run sharply through him, and Lord Archdale, as he saunters more slowly up the avenue by his betrothed's side, speculates in his usual cynical fashion as to the meaning of her "last move," and comes to a conclusion that does her a gross wrong.

"She has sentimental yearnings and little heart weaknesses she cannot quite control; but she is a sensible young woman at bottom, and I need not have been at such pains to deceive her, after all. Even in sight of her old lover she means to stick to the better bargain she has made—means to deceive and cajole me still. Well"—he strokes the long moustache with his slender white fingers, which look as though they could, on occasion, do murderer's work—the hard eyes glitter with a cruel brightness between their narrowed lids—"let her play her little comedy to her own satisfaction. Her day is at present—mine is still to come."

There are depths of conscious ferocity and bitter malice in his own nature that he prudently prefers to leave unexplored. When the reserve fund is called for it is ready, and that is enough for him. He hates Kitty and loves her after his fashion in about equal proportions now—a paradox quite possible with a man in whose nature passion is a strong master and affection hardly exists. His desire to punish her for daring to think that she could either break with or deceive him is so equally balanced by the fear that even at this last moment he may lose her, that the two neutralize each other; he gives expression to neither, and simply bides his time.

And Kitty, walking slowly by his side, almost gathers courage to make one last appeal. She pauses as they reach the end of the long avenue, and raises her beseeching eyes to his face.

"Lord Archdale," she begins, and at the sound of the soft tremulous voice he braces himself for instant battle—"will you wait a second, please? There is something I want to ask before you go in."

"Some order you may mean to give me, I hope; you know that I am always at my liege lady's command," he answers, with the old-fashioned and somewhat theatrical gallantry which she never much likes, and which jars upon her horribly now, contrasting as it does with Oscar Clifford's roughly simple speech.

"I am not joking, please," she breaks in hurriedly and with the same vibrating uncertain tone. "You were surprised to see me with Oscar—Mr. Clifford—Lord Archdale. You have heard people speak of him and me, perhaps."

The hard uncomprehending glance that answers here of passionate appeal seems to wound her.

"My dear Kitty, I am never surprised at anything—certainly not at the fact that you should spend an hour in chat with an old friend! Why should you think me such a jealous tyrant, child? And the rest"—he slightly shrugged his shoulders—"well, I have always heard what I see now for myself, that Mr. Clifford is l'ami de la maison at the Elms."

He tries to walk on, dismissing the subject with those airily careless words, but Kitty lays her hand on his wrist and detains him still.

"Stay," she cries desperately, "there is something more—you must hear it, Lord Archdale—it is only honest and fair. Oscar is—was—something more than a friend to me. Three years ago he asked me to be his wife!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURTSHIP.—An old-fashioned book of etiquette contains a chapter on courtship that is exceedingly native. Any young man who might be contemplating a proposal of marriage, was urged strongly to select with care and due forethought the proper time and place for such proposal.

For instance, he should never propose to a young woman while out boating, for if she should happen to refuse him, it would be difficult to reach shore immediately, and the situation would obviously be awkward.

On the other hand, if she should accept him, the situation would be equally undesirable, since too close a proximity and certain attitudes incident to the circumstance are known to threaten the safety of a boat.

Also, said young man was advised never to propose to a young woman just before dinner. Having been without eating for some hours, she would, doubtless, be in a less amiable frame of mind than usual, and might, under these conditions, refuse an offer which at another time would seem desirable.

A FIRE, which destroyed the house of John Downey, on Grand Island, near Buffalo, New New York, was originated in a queer manner. A large Newfoundland dog, who was was asleep in the room, shook himself, and in so doing upset a lamp which exploded and set fire to the house.

A REGRET.

Oh, could we but have seen while they were ours,
The grace of days forever passed away;
Had we but felt the beauty of the flowers
That bloomed for us before they knew decay;
Could we have known how we should yearn in vain
For looks and smiles no more to greet our sight,
Or how the fruitless tears would fall like rain
For hours of sweet communion vanished quite—
Their worth to us had we but better known,
Then had we held them dearer while our own;
Had kept some salvage from the joys o'erthrown,
And loneliness itself had found us less alone.

The Wrong Black Bag.

BY ANGELO LEWIS.

IT was the eve of Good Friday. Within the modest parlor of No. 13 Primrose Terrace, a little man, wearing a gray felt hat and a red necktie, stood admiring himself in the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. Such a state of things anywhere else would have had no significance whatever. But circumstance proverbially alter cases. At 13 Primrose Terrace it approached the dimensions of a portent.

Not to keep the reader in suspense, the little man was Benjamin Quelch, clerk in the office of Messrs. Cobble & Clink, coal-merchants, and he was about to carry out a desperate resolution. Most men have some secret ambition; Benjamin's was twofold.

For years he had yearned to wear a soft felt hat, and to make a trip to Paris; and for years Fate, in the person of Mrs. Quelch, had stood in the way and prevented the indulgence of his longing.

Quelch being, as we have hinted, exceptionally small of stature, had, in accordance with the mysterious law of opposites, selected the largest lady of his acquaintance as the partner of his joys. He himself was of a meek and retiring disposition.

Mrs. Quelch, on the other hand, was a woman of stern and decided temperament, with strong views upon most subjects. She administered Benjamin's finances, regulated his diet, and prescribed for him when his health was out of order. Though fond of him in her own way, she ruled him with a rod of iron, and on three points she was inflexible.

To make up for his insignificance of stature, she insisted on his wearing the tallest hat that money could procure, to the exclusion of all other headgear. Secondly, on the ground that it looked more 'professional,' she would allow him none but black silk neckties; and lastly, she would not let him smoke.

She had further an intense repugnance to all things foreign, holding as an article of faith that no good thing, whether in art, cookery, or moral, was to be found on other than English soil.

When Benjamin once, in a rash moment, suggested a trip to Boulogne by way of summer holiday, the suggestion was received in a manner that took away his appetite for a week afterwards.

The prohibition of smoking Quelch did not much mind; for having in his salad days made trial of a cheap cigar, the result somehow satisfied him that tobacco was not in his line, and he ceased to yearn for it accordingly.

But the tall hat and the black necktie were constant sources of irritation. He had an idea, based on his having once won a drawing prize at school, that Nature had intended him for an artist, and he secretly lamented the untoward fate which had thrown him away upon coals.

Now the few artists Benjamin had chanced to meet affected a soft and slouchy style of headgear, and a considerable amount of freedom, generally with a touch of color, in the region of the neck. Such, therefore, in the fitness of things, should have been the hat, and such the neckgear of Benjamin Quelch; and the veto of his wife only made him yearn for them the more intensely.

In later years he had been seized with a longing to see Paris. It chanced that a clerk in the same office, one Peter Flipp, had made one of a personally conducted party on a visit to the gay city. The cost of the trip had been but five guineas; but never, surely, were five guineas so magnificently invested.

There was a good deal of romance about Flipp, and it may be that his accounts were not entirely trustworthy; but they so fired the imagination of our friend Benjamin that he had at once begun to hoard up surreptitious sixpences, with the hope that some day he, too, might, by some unforeseen combination of circumstances, be enabled to visit the enchanted city.

And at last that day had come. Mrs. Quelch, with her three children and her one domestic, had gone to Lowestoft for an Easter outing; Benjamin and a deaf charwoman, Mrs. Widger, being left in charge of the family belongings.

Benjamin's Easter holidays were limited to Good Friday and Easter Monday; and as it seemed hardly worth while that he should travel so far as Lowestoft for such short periods, Mrs. Quelch had thoughtfully arranged that he should spend the former day at the British Museum, and the latter at the Zoological Gardens.

Two days after her departure, however, Mr. Cobble called Quelch into his private office and told him that, if he liked, he might for once take holiday from the Friday to the Tuesday inclusive, and join his wife at the seaside.

Quelch accepted the boon with an honest intention of employing it as suggested. Indeed, he had even begun a letter to his wife, announcing the pleasing intelligence and had got as far as "My dear Penelope,' when a wild and wicked thought struck him:

"Why should he not spend his unexpected holiday in Paris?"

Laying down his pen, he opened his desk and counted his secret hoard. It amounted to five pounds seventeen; twelve shillings more than Flipp's outlay. There was no difficulty in that direction; and nobody would be any the wiser. His wife would imagine that he was in London, while his employers would believe him to be at Lowestoft. There was a brief struggle in his mind, but the tempter prevailed, and with a courage worthy of a better cause, he determined to risk it and go.

* * * * * *

And thus it came to pass that, on the evening of our story, Benjamin Quelch, having completed his packing—which merely comprised what he was accustomed to call his "night-things," neatly bestowed in a small black hand-bag belonging to Mrs. Quelch—stood before the looking-glass and contemplated his guilty splendor—the red necktie and the soft gray felt hat, purchased out of his surplus funds.

He had expended a couple of guineas in a second class return ticket, and another two pounds in "coupons," entitling him to bed, breakfast, and dinner for five days at certain specified hotels in Paris.

This outlay, with half-a-crown for a pair of gloves, and a bribe of five shillings to secure the silence of Mrs. Widger, left him with little more than a pound in hand, but this small surplus would no doubt amply suffice for his modest needs.

His only regret, as he gazed at himself in the glass, was that he had not had time to grow a moustache, the one thing needed to complete his artistic appearance. But time was fleeting, and he dared not linger over the enticing picture.

He stole along the passage and softly opened the street door. As he did so, a sudden panic came over him, and he felt half inclined to abandon his rash design. But as he wavered, he caught sight of the detested tall hat hanging up in the passage, and he hesitated no longer. He passed out, and closing the door behind him, started at a brisk pace for Victoria Station.

His plans had been laid with much ingenuity, though at a terrible sacrifice of his usual straightforwardness. He had written a couple of letters to Mrs. Quelch, to be posted by Mrs. Widger on appropriate days, giving imaginary accounts of his visits to the British Museum and Zoological Gardens, with pointed allusions to the behavior of the elephant and other circumstantial particulars.

To ensure the posting of these in proper order, he had marked the dates in pencil on the envelopes in the corner usually occupied by the postage stamp, so that when the latter was affixed the figures would be concealed. He explained the arrangement to Mrs. Widger, who promised that his instructions should be faithfully carried out.

After a sharp walk he reached the railway station, and in due course found himself steaming across the Channel to Dieppe. The passage was not especially rough, but to poor Quelch, unaccustomed as he was to the sea, it seemed as if the boat must go to the bottom every moment. To the bodily pains of sea-sickness were added the mental pangs of remorse, and between the two he reached Dieppe more dead than alive; indeed, he would almost have welcomed death as a release from his sufferings.

Even when the boat had arrived at the pier, he still remained in the berth he had occupied all night, and would probably have continued to lie there, had not the steward lifted him by main force to his feet.

He seized his black bag with a groan and staggered on deck. Here he felt a little better; but new terrors seized him at the sight of gold-laced officials and blue-bloused porters who lined each side of the gangway, all talking at the top of their voices, and in tones which seemed, to his unaccustomed ear, to convey a thirst for British blood.

No sooner had he landed than he was accosted by a ferocious-looking personage—in truth, a harmless Custom-house officer—who asked him, in French, whether he had anything to declare, and made a movement to take his bag in order to mark it as "passed."

Quelch jumped to the conclusion that the stranger was a brigand bent on depriving him of his property, and he held on to the bag with such tenacity that the douanier naturally inferred there was something specially contraband about it. He proceeded to open it, and produced—among sundry other feminine belongings—a lady's frilled and furbelowed night-dress, from which as he unrolled it, fell a couple of bundles of cigars!

Benjamin's look of astonishment as he saw these unexpected articles produced from his hand-bag was interpreted by the officials as a look of guilt. As a matter of fact, half stupefied by the agonies of the night, he had forgotten the precise spot where he had left his own bag, and had picked up in its stead one belonging to the wife of a sporting gentleman on his way to some races at Longchamps.

Desiring to smuggle a few "weeds," and deeming that the presence of such articles would be less likely to be suspected among a lady's belongings, the sporting gentleman had committed them to his companion's keeping.

Hand-bags, as a rule, are passed unopened, and such would probably have been the case in the present instance had not Quelch's look of panic excited suspicion.

The real owners of the bag had picked up Quelch's, which it precisely resembled, and were close behind him on the gangway. The lady uttered an exclamation of dismay as she saw the contents of her bag spread abroad by the Customs officer, but was promptly silenced by her husband.

"Keep your blessed tongue quiet," he whispered. "If a bloomin' idiot chooses to sneak our bag, and then give himself away to the first man that looks at him, he must stand the racket."

Whereupon the sporting gentleman and lady, first taking a quiet peep into Benjamin's bag to make sure that it contained nothing compromising, passed the examiner with a smile of conscious innocence and, after an interval for refreshment at the buffet, took their seats in the train for Paris.

Meanwhile poor Quelch was taken before a pompous individual with an extra large moustache and a double allowance of gold lace on his cap, and charged not only with defrauding the revenue, but with forcibly resisting an officer in the execution of his duty.

The accusation being made in French, Quelch did not understand a word of it, and in his ignorance took it for granted that he was accused of stealing the strange bag and its contents. Visions of imprisonment, penal servitude, nay, even capital punishment, floated before his bewildered brain.

Finally, the official with the large moustache made a speech to him in French, setting forth that for his dishonest attempt to smuggle he must pay a fine of a hundred francs. With regard to the assault on the official, as said official was not much hurt, he graciously agreed to throw that in and make no charge for it.

When he had fully explained matters to his own satisfaction, he waited to receive the answer of the prisoner; but none was forthcoming, for the best of reasons. It finally dawned on the official that Quelch might not understand French, and he therefore proceeded to address him in what he considered to be his native tongue.

"You smoggle; smoggle seegar. Zen it must zat you pay amende, hundred francs. You me understand? Hundred francs—Pay! Pay! Pay!" At each repetition of the last word he brought down a dirty fist into the palm of the opposite hand, immediately under Quelch's nose. "Hundred francs—Engleesh money, four pound."

Quelch caught the last words, and was relieved to find that it was merely money payment that was demanded of him. But he was little better off, for having a few shillings in his pocket, to pay four pounds was as much out of his power as if it had been four hundred. He determined to appeal to the mercy of his captors.

"Not got," he said apologetically, with a vague idea that by speaking very elementary English he came somehow nearer to French. "That all," he continued, producing his little store, and holding it out beseechingly to the official.

"Pas assez, not enoff," growled the latter. Quelch tried again in all his pockets, but only succeeded in finding another threepenny piece. The officer shook his head, and after a brief discussion with his fellows, said: "Comment-vous appeles-vous, Monsieur? How you call yourself?"

With a vague idea of keeping his disgrace from his friends, Quelch rashly determined to give a false name. If he had had a few minutes to think it over, he would have invented one for the occasion, but his imagination was not accustomed to such sudden calls, and on the question being repeated, he desperately gave the name of his next door neighbor, Mr. Henry Fladgate.

"Henri Flod-gett," repeated the officer as he wrote it down. "Et vous demeurez? You live where?"

And Quelch proceeded to give the address of Mr. Fladgate, 11 Primrose Terrace.

"Tres bien. I send teleg-r-r-ame. Au violon!" And poor Benjamin was ignominiously marched to the local police station.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, Quelch's arrangements at home were scarcely working as he had intended. The estimable Mrs. Widger, partly by reason of her deafness and partly of native stupidity, had only half understood his instructions about the letters. She knew she was to stamp them, and she knew she was to post them; but the dates in the corners might have been Runic inscriptions for any idea they conveyed to her obfuscated intellect.

Accordingly, the first time she visited her usual house of call, which was early on the morning of Good Friday, she proceeded, in her own language, to "get the dratted things off her mind" by dropping them both into the nearest pillar-box.

On the following day, therefore, Mrs. Quelch at Lowestoft was surprised to find on the breakfast table two letters in her Benjamin's handwriting. Her surprise was still greater when, on opening them, she found one to be a graphic account of a visit to the Zoological Gardens on the following Monday.

The conclusion was obvious. Either Benjamin had turned prophet, and had somehow got ahead of the almanac, or he was "carrying on" in some very underhand manner. Mrs. Quelch decided to get to the bottom of the matter at once. She cut a sandwich, put on her bonnet, and grasping her umbrella in a manner which boded no good to any one who strayed her progress, started by the next train for Liverpool Street.

On reaching home, she extracted from the weeping Widger, who had just been spending the last of Benjamin's five shillings, and was far gone in depression and gin-and-water, that her "good gentleman" had not been home since Thursday night. This was bad enough; but there was still more conclusive evidence that he was up to no good in the shape of his tall hat, which hung a silent accuser, on the last peg in the passage.

Having pumped Mrs. Widger till there was no more (save tears) to be pumped out of her, Mrs. Quelch, still firmly grasping her umbrella, proceeded next, on the chance that her neighbor, Mrs. Fladgate, might be able to give her some information. She found Mrs. Fladgate weeping in the parlor with an open telegram before her. Being a woman who did not stand much ceremony, she read the telegram, which was dated from Dieppe, and ran as follows:

"Monsieur Flodgate here detained for to have smuggle cigars. Fine to pay, one hundred franc. Send money, and he will be releasee."

"Oh! the men! the men!" ejaculated Mrs. Quelch, as she dropped into an armchair. "They're all alike. First Benjamin, and now Fladgate! I shouldn't wonder if they had gone off together."

"You don't mean to say Mr. Quelch has gone too?" sobbed Mrs. Fladgate.

"He has taken a shameful advantage of

my absence. He has not been home since Thursday evening, and his hat is hanging up in the hall."

"You don't think he has been m m-murdered?"

"I'm not afraid of that," replied Mrs. Quelch. "It wouldn't be worth anybody's while. But what has he got on his head? that's what I want to know. Of course, if he's with Mr. Fladgate in some foreign den of iniquity, that accounts for it."

"Don't foreigners wear hats?" inquired Mrs. Fladgate innocently.

"Not the respectable English sort, I'll be bound," replied Mrs. Quelch. "Some outlandish rubbish, I daresay. But I thought Mr. Fladgate was on his Scotch journey." (Mr. Fladgate, it should be stated, was a traveler in the oil and color line.)

"So he is. I mean, so he ought to be. In fact, I expected him home to-day. But now he's in p-p-prison; and I may never see him any m-mo-more." And Mrs. Fladgate wept afresh.

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Quelch. "You've only to send the money they ask for, and they'll be glad enough to get rid of him. But I wouldn't hurry; I'd let him wait a bit—you'll see him soon enough, never fear."

The prophecy was fulfilled sooner than the prophet expected. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when a cab was heard to draw up at the door, and a moment later Fladgate himself, a big jovial man, wearing a white hat very much on one side, entered the room, and threw a bundle of rugs on the sofa.

"Home again, old girl, and glad of it!—Mornin', Mrs. Quelch," said the newcomer.

Mrs. Fladgate gazed at him doubtfully for a moment, and then flung her arms round his neck, ejaculating, "Saved, saved!"

"Martha," said Mrs. Quelch reprovingly, "have you no self-respect? Is this the way you deal with so shameful a deception?" Then, turning to the supposed offender:

"So, Mr. Fladgate, you have escaped from your foreign prison."

"Foreign how much? Have you both gone dotty, ladies? I've just escaped from a third-class carriage on the London and Northwestern. The space is limited, but I never heard it called a foreign prison."

"It is useless to endeavor to deceive us," said Mrs. Quelch sternly. "Look at that telegram, Mr. Fladgate, and deny it if you can. You have been gadding about in some vile foreign place with my misguided husband."

"Oh, Quelch is in it too, is he? Then it must be a bad case. But let's see what we have been up to, for, 'pon my word, I'm quite in the dark at present."

He held out his hand for the telegram, and read it carefully. "Somebody's been having a lark with you, old lady," he said to his wife. "You know well enough where I've been; my regular northern journey, and nowhere else."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mrs. Quelch; "you men are all alike; deceivers every one of you."

"Much obliged for your good opinion, Mrs. Quelch. I had no idea Quelch was such a bad lot. But so far I am concerned the thing's easily tested. Here is the bill for my bed last night at Carlisle. Now, if I was in Carlisle, and larking about at Dieppe at the same time, perhaps you'll kindly explain how I managed it."

Mrs. Quelch was staggered, but not convinced. "But if—if you were at Carlisle, where is Benjamin, and what does this telegram mean?"

"Not being a wizard, I really can't say. But concerning Quelch, we shall find him, never fear. When did he disappear?

Mrs. Quelch told her story, not forgetting the mysterious letter.

"I think I see daylight," said Fladgate. "The party who has got into that mess is Quelch, and being frightened out of his wits, he has given my name instead of his own. That's about the size of it!"

"But Benjamin doesn't smoke. And how should he come to be at Dieppe?"

"Went for a holiday, I suppose. As for smoking, I shouldn't have thought he was up to it; but with that sat-upon sort of man—begging your pardon, Mrs. Quelch—you never know where he may break out. Worms will turn, you know, and sometimes they take a wrong turning."

"But Benjamin would never dare——"

"That's just it. He daren't do anything when you've got your eye on him. When you haven't, perhaps he may, and perhaps he mayn't. The fact is, you hold up his head too tight, and if he jibs now and then, you can't wonder at it."

"You have a very coarse way of putting things, Mr. Fladgate. Mr. Quelch is not a horse, that I am aware of."

"We won't quarrel now about the animal, my dear madam, but you may depend upon it my solution's right. A hardened villain, like myself, say, would never have got into such a scrape; but Quelch don't know enough of the world to keep himself out of mischief. They've got him in quod, that's clear, and the best thing you can do is to send the coin and get him out again."

"Send money to those swindling Frenchmen! Never! If Benjamin is in prison, I will fetch him out myself."

"You would never risk that dreadful sea-passage," exclaimed Mrs. Fladgate. "And how will you manage the language? You don't understand French."

"Oh! I shall do very well," said the heroic woman. "They won't talk French to me!"

* * * * * *

That same night, a female passenger crossed the boat from Newhaven to Dieppe. The passage was rough, and the passenger was very sea-sick, but she still sat grimly upright, never for one moment relaxing her grasp on the handle of her silk umbrella. What she went through on landing, how she finally obtained her husband's release, and what explanations passed between the re-united pair, must be left to the reader's imagination for Mrs. Quelch never told the story.

Twenty-four hours later, a four-wheeled cab drew up at the Quelchs' door, and from it descended, first a stately female, and then a woe-begone little man in a soft felt hat and a red necktie, both sorely crushed and soiled, with a black bag in his hand.

"Is there a fire in the kitchen?" asked Mrs. Quelch the moment she set foot in the house. Being assured that there was, she proceeded down the kitchen stairs, Quelch meekly following her. "Now," she said, pointing to the black bag. "Those—Things!" Benjamin opened the bag, and tremblingly took out the frilled night-dress and the cigars. His wife pointed to the fire, and he meekly laid them on it. "Now the necktie," The necktie followed the cigars. "And that thing;" and the hat crowned the funeral pile.

The smell was peculiar, and to the ordinary nose disagreeable, but to Mrs. Quelch it was as the odor of burnt incense. She watched the heap as it smouldered away, and finally dispersed the embers by a vigorous application of the poker.

"Now, Benjamin," she said to her trembling spouse, "I forgive you. But if ever again——"

The warning was left unspoken, but it was not needed. Benjamin's one experience has more than satisfied his yearning for soft raiment and foreign travel, and his hats are taller than ever.

ODDITIES OF CLASS PREJUDICES.

An English lady, who was spending her holiday in Normandy last summer, being struck one day by the dejected appearance of a young and pretty girl, ventured to inquire the cause. It was the old story—the course of true love never did run smoothly.

The young man who had won her affections was honest and industrious, but character counted for nothing with the obdurate father. The suitor was not in the parents' set; he was only a member of the class that used "cotton sheets," whereas they belonged to the select few who sported bed linen of real linen made from flax. That was enough; and the suit was frowned upon, to the sorrow of two youthful hearts.

Similarly, in Nicaragua society is divided into two classes—those who wear boots and those who do not. So thoroughly is this distinction recognized that no one claiming to be booted will ever make an appearance barefooted, even though his boots should be but upper leathers strapped over the instep. The prices of admission to places of public entertainment are so much for boots, half-price for the bare feet; and no one would dream of saving half the cost of his amusement by going barefoot.

Not long ago a wealthy glass-blower settled in a midland town where the society is principally composed of retired business people. After considerable discussion he was elected a member of the local club.

A few weeks later one of the partners of a celebrated sauce-making firm purchased some property in the neighborhood, and, shortly afterwards, sought admission to the club. The candidate was excluded by one black ball, which he subsequently discovered had been given by the glass-blower, who, upon being asked for an explanation, replied that in such a place it was necessary to draw the line somewhere, and he had done so at sauce. To which the other answered, "While you are so wonderfully quick to remember who made the sauce, you seem to quite forget who made the bottles."

Here is a story still more strange. A boy who had the misfortune early to lose his father worked in a mill to support his widowed mother. Being studious, he improved his mind, and when, in his early manhood, an opportunity offered for him to go to college, he availed himself of it.

Being a young man of good natural parts and a diligent student, he became a favorite with his professors and an acceptable supply to the churches. Having taken a degree at London University, and enjoying a reputation for eloquence, he was invited to supply a church in a Midland town. This he did with such marked ability that there was a general disposition to invite him to the vacant pastorate; and this would, probably, have been done if a wealthy draper had not opposed him on the plea that "such a church as theirs was required a gentleman at its head, and," he added explanatorily, "it is said that the preacher whose name is before us has actually worked in a woollen mill."

THAT'S WHAT SHE HEARD.—The mother's suspicions were aroused, and that night when the young man left the house, and when the daughter came upstairs, she interviewed her.

"Elizabeth," she said sternly, "didn't I hear Mr. Simpley kissing you as I came through the hall?"

"No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter emphatically.

"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, mamma," demurely.

The mother spoke triumphantly.

"I knew it," she said. "Did you permit him?"

"No, mamma, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right—that was right, my dear," said the mother encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed, but was undaunted.

"He asked me if you had ever told me I was not to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in her instructions.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"I said I didn't remember if you had."

The girl stopped, and the mother broke out—

"Well, go on, go on."

"I think that's what you heard, mamma"; and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

MOON PASSING.—When a stranger comes upon a person living in a lonely place, he is usually struck by the complete identification of the man with his locality, and the effect is often droll enough. An illustration of this is given in a scrap of conversation between a traveler and a man who lived in an isolated house on a prairie in the Far West.

"You must find it terribly lonely here," observed the visitor, who was prospecting with a view to establishing a cattle ranch. "I suppose there is never any passing?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "sometimes there is considerable. Why, only day before yesterday there was three hundred went by."

"Three hundred people! the visitor exclaimed in amazement. "I shouldn't have thought it possible."

"Oh, not people," said the other, equally surprised at being so mistaken. "Three hundred head of cattle."

"I see," the stranger answered, smiling at his own error. "I have not become part of the country yet, or I should have known what you meant."

THIS story is about Philadelphia twins. The nurse was giving them a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said:

"What are you children laughing about?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Edna, "only you have given Edith two baths and haven't given me any."

FEEDING.—Liberal feeding is always best, but wasteful feeding is a loss. Animals will thrive better, keep healthier and make a better gain in proportion to the amount of food supplied if well fed, but not over-fed.

Scientific and Useful.

IN THE SLOT.—By dropping a penny in the slot, passengers on the Newark (New Jersey) railway lines are able to secure a copy of a certain daily published in that city. The publishers state that nearly 5000 papers are sold in that way every day.

EGG YOLKS.—Artificial egg yolk, to be manufactured by the American Egg Yolk Company, of New York, is the latest offering of that peculiar phase of inventive ingenuity which is disclosed in the incessant pouring of "food products" upon the American citizen's table.

MILLS.—A Scotch engineer has, it is said, solved the problem of making a mill grind with water that has passed. He has devised a steam boiler attachment that returns to the boiler all the used steam, and thus increases the energy produced by a given amount of fuel seven fold.

TOOTHACHE.—A European dentist is said to have had great success in curing toothache within five or six minutes, and often in less time, by applying one pole of an electrostatic machine to the troublesome tooth and the other pole to the body of the patient. In 76 cases thus treated by him only three are said to have been unsatisfactory.

ARTILLERY.—The British Admiralty has just adopted the new wire-wound, quick-firing six-inch breech-loading gun for the navy. The new weapon is 40 calibres long and weighs seven tons. It will fire an elongated projectile weighing 100 pounds a distance of over four miles. It is such a quick-firing gun that at long range when fired with cordite it has three or four shots in the air at the same time.

GUTTA PERCHA.—The steady diminution of the gutta percha supply is giving prominence to every possible substitute. A new compound of great tenacity has been brought forward by an English inventor, who prepares this substance in the following manner: Ten parts of paraffine and one of tar are kept at a temperature of 200 degrees to 250 degrees till they are intimately mixed. The temperature is then allowed to fall to 100 degrees and two parts of caoutchouc are added, the temperature being kept up till a homogeneous mixture is obtained.

Farm and Garden.

STRENGTH OF THE HORSE.—A horse can draw on the worst kind of earth road about four times as much as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamised road he can pull ten times as much; on a plank road twenty-five times as much, and on a street railway fifty-eight times as much.

DITCHES.—Ditches that have been made for drainage, but which have not been cleared out, do more harm than good. Unless the water can freely flow out of a ditch the ground will be kept wet. A ditch should be thoroughly cleaned at least once a year, as it will become partially filled up during the year.

THE NORTHWEST.—One of the pronounced recent departures in the agricultural industry of the Northwest is a change from exclusive grain growing to a mixed industry, in which live stock and dairying are prominent features. In Minnesota special attention thus far has been given to horses, cattle and hogs; but in Montana and the Dakotas sheep are arousing the most notable interest.

CHEESE.—One of the undeveloped resources of the creamery is cottage, or more commonly called, "Dutch cheese." Buttermilk, which is so plentiful and apparently of so small value, makes a fine, creamy cheese which seems to be very digestible. When creameries are situated near a city market this could be made a source of considerable revenue, especially as no additional apparatus is required beyond that used in the ordinary creamery.

WATER.—The dairyman should have a good well. A good well is one in which the water comes at a depth of 40 feet or more, says an exchange. If beneath the bed rock, at whatever depth, so much the better—the water is sure to be pure—and in dairying, as in drinking water for a family, purity is the essence of goodness. Hence, do not neglect to have deep, pure water. It will pay not only for your family and milking cows, but for the stock generally.

A SAFE CURE FOR WORMS, an efficient Tonic besides, may be had in Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It utterly destroys Worms, acts beneficially in the Dyspepsia and General Debility of either children or adults. Sold by all Druggists.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Of Music.

Music is a subject that a timid writer who is conscious of his want of special knowledge must approach with trepidation. But in art and music, as in reading, we need honest opinions, though they may be crude, to correct the "faddishness" of the superfine and of those who, having exhausted the commonplace pleasures natural to man, perpetually seek something new.

It has been asserted that music is the universal language of mankind. No characterization could be farther from the mark, for music appeals only to a comparatively limited audience, and in its fully-organized state as an art is of quite recent invention.

That sound is a world force controlling or expressing the emotions of man is indisputable. Shouting and whooping, the beating of drums and clashing of jangling instruments are used everywhere to work up courage and inspire terror; but melody and harmony were developed from their embryonic state only a few hundred years ago, and they are yet but vaguely appreciated over a bare half of the world, counted geographically, while among the nations that are more or less musical the proportion of musicians is still small indeed.

Leaving out the hundreds of millions of the human race to whom our own system of methodized sound conveys no ideas and small pleasure, we may ask, If music is a language—the language of the emotions—what are the precise feelings which it expresses? It is natural enough to sing for joy when pleasure sits lightly on us; but, for the embodiment of more complex feelings, or indeed of any form of extreme emotion, music is for most of us a refractory medium. We are pleased with it as a soothing sound if it is smooth, melodious, and familiar; but, as a vehicle for the exact and minute interpretation of feeling, it is a failure, except after a long process of cultivation and of self-adaptation.

Is there such a thing as music in nature? Experts differ as to how far the song of birds may be termed musical. Mr. Haweis says there is no music in nature; but most of us will agree that there is a concourse of sweet sounds which compares in its lulling effect with the sweetest harmonies ever produced by man. There may not be a sequence of notes in the round mellow ring of the water-drops in the little runnel near us as they make a fall of a couple of inches, but it is more pleasing to the ear than the tinny ring of the wind as it strikes the telegraph wires which have been made by man.

And the wind itself, when left free with its natural playmates—how can the weird and plaintive be more strikingly expressed than by its calling and wailing? Nor do we think much of the musical appreciation of the man who sniffs contemptuously at the music of the nightingale as she "delighteth to prolong her low preamble all alone." That the idea of music came from the natural world—the song of birds, the sighing of winds, and the ripple of streamlets—can hardly be doubted, though the musical critic may now be ashamed of the pit from which his art was originally dug in the rough.

It is a beautiful poetical conception which has made the planets in their regular courses emit a celestial melody, the harmonious working of the eternal plan being so rhythmical as to "ravish all the spheres" with a sweet concord. The Greeks believed that a siren sat on each of the planets, and that their united songs made a beautiful chorus.

Still, great as are the charms of music, even for those who are not ecstatic worshippers at its shrine, it is one of the most prolific sources of boredom and insincerity. To feel this, we need not be without an ear, like Charles Lamb, and resent the "measured malice of music, the distracting torment of endless fruitless barren attention, the endless battery of mere sounds, the attempt to read a book all stops." While those perplex us who carry their musical efflorescence beyond our appreciation, those who give a perfunctory rehearsal of works which they do not understand are annoying to the point of exasperation.

To see a couple of hundred people listening with stony immobility to the interpretation by a master of a complex piece of sentiment at a chamber concert, and then to hear them say, in the tones of matter-of-fact gossip, and in the same breath with a criticism of a lady's style of hairdressing, that they were entranced, is a very painful process. And so is the other extreme, when, as an indispensable part of social entertainment and ceremony, the young ladies of the household are called upon to give "a little music," and they gallop through a piece in which they have been well drilled, and manage to extract the same amount of feeling as is ground out of the iron bowels of a barrel-organ.

These trying experiences with the desperately artistic and with the baldly commonplace make one inclined to forswear acquaintance as far as may be with music, till, in our hour of quietness, when overdone with work and worry, we realize how complete is the rest, the solace, and the refreshment which come to us with the sweet tunefulness and the majestic harmonies of those who play what we can understand as well as feel, and play for the sake of the melody and charm, and not to astonish by feats of fingering, or to come triumphantly through an agonizing wrestle with a chaotic medley of chords.

IT is not possible for every one to be interested and active in all the questions of the day. Some will attract one, and some another; but it is incumbent on each one to obtain a knowledge of some of them at least, to cultivate an interest in them, and to form some intelligent and reasonable opinion upon their merits and their methods. While a general acquaintance with public affairs is extremely desirable, both for the sake of the individual and his influence, the special interest that he can take in one or two will be of still greater value.

THOSE who are striving merely for approval may be cast down, those who care only for the prizes of life may be disappointed; but the delight which is taken in the effort for excellence can never be shaken while the effort continues. The consciousness of earnest endeavor, the knowledge that we are doing our best, is a joy which no envious tongue, no bitter criticism can banish.

SUSPENSION of judgment at certain times should be sedulously cultivated. When we remember how frequently complex conditions are involved, and how difficult it is to understand and appreciate those conditions, and to accord to each its proportionate value, we may well pause and reflect before committing ourselves to judgments which may prove to be wrong.

WE cannot afford to waste or ignore or despise anything; for, however useless it may appear to our short-sighted vision, we know not what treasures of future growth and advancement may be enfolded within it, or how readily it may respond to wise culture.

WE are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives, and in our last moments hope is flattering to us; and not until the beating of our heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

CAST an eye into the gay world; what see we, for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity.

KIND words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

TRUTH is infinite, and we cannot clasp it in our finite arms; yet we may live in its light, and learn more and more of the grand meaning, if we but sincerely, honestly and patiently tread the straight road of intellectual virtue.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

PINHOLE.—Any photographer will show you how to take a picture without a lens, using a pinhole perforation only. A long exposure is necessary.

A. L. W.—We hardly think the coin is of any value. If, however, you send your address or an addressed postal card we will direct you to a dealer of whom you may make inquiry about it.

J. R.—The title of colonel comes from the Italian colonello, the leader of a column. A colonel is the highest officer of a regiment. Any grade above this makes him a general officer—in other words, he belongs to the army collectively, rather than to any one regiment.

D. M.—Possibly the young man is not in a position to marry, and therefore hesitates to speak. He does not wish to hamper you with an engagement. You are very young, and it is wise to postpone an engagement for a year. When the young man is ready he will speak. In the meantime try to regard and treat him as a friend. You may meet some one that you will like a great deal better.

MEUBLER.—Light oak is converted into dark by being subjected to the fumes of liquid ammonia. Ordinary oak is made into brown oak by being treated with a solution of chromate of potash, which is also used to alter various light woods into mahogany, etc. Pear-tree, sycamore, and other woods are changed into ebony by treatment with logwood chips, vinegar, and steel filings.

F. L. F.—A fair cologne water may be made as follows: Alcohol at 85 deg., 10 quarts; dissolve in it essence of neroli petit grain, half an ounce; essence of rosemary, 2½ drams; essence of lavender, 1½ drams; essence of clove, half a dram; essence of peppermint, half a dram; essence of bergamot, 1½ drams; lemon, 1 1-12 drams; essence of Portugal, 7½ drams; tincture of benzoin, 1¼ drams.

H. G. S.—The original Cinque Ports of England were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. Winchelsea and Rye were afterwards added. Certain rights and privileges were secured to these towns, in return for which they were bound to furnish the king on demand with fifty-seven ships for fifteen days. Most of their privileges and obligations were abolished by the Reform Act of 1832.

READER.—Genre painting is a picture representing life and manners, comprising both the graver episodes and the comic side of life. Religious and historical subjects are avoided. It has been defined as the representation of pure nature, true humanity, and national character as revealed by domestic manners. Sir David Wilkie's "Village Politicians" and "The Rent Day" are examples of genre painting.

MARY.—Character depends upon conduct. The lines of the countenance are indexes to the conscience. But as every rule has an exception, we must not judge others too harshly. Suffering makes sad havoc with the "human face divine," and we should in all such cases take to our "heart of hearts" the conviction that other people are as good as ourselves. Shakspeare has told us there are sermons in stones; and if any of us look for them we can readily find them.

A. L. T. R.—The marriage license office is on Sixth street below Walnut. 2. Any time before, a day, week, month or year. 3. The name, age, residence and names of parents or guardians are asked. No; either the gentleman or lady will do. Of course the one applying must be in a position to answer all questions. And naturally it would be better for the gentleman to apply, although there is nothing in the laws intended to be embarrassing to anyone about the whole business.

DIPLOMACY.—An ambassador is not quite the same as an envoy, in spite of what your friend says. Diplomatic representatives are divided into: 1st, Ambassadors; 2nd, Envoys and Ministers Plenipotentiary; and 3rd, Residents and Charges d'Affaires, who rank in the order given. The distinction between these classes depends on the nature of their commission and the representative powers entrusted to them. It is, however, one of dignity only, the same rights and privileges, except in matters of precedence, being enjoyed by them all.

CURIOUS.—You ask us what great battle is said to have been lost owing to "an infelicitous leg of mutton." This is not a very new question. We have seen the words "a fit of indigestion" used instead of "an infelicitous leg of mutton." Perhaps both methods of statement are correct. Napoleon, it is said, dined off an underdone leg of mutton stuffed with onions before risking the battle of Leipsic; and it is believed that he lost the day because he was suffering so intensely from indigestion that he was unable to arrange with sufficient coolness the mental calculations which he was accustomed to make as helps to victory.

DAISY.—We have not space to tell you much about the ancient art of illuminating; but it had its origin in the East, and notably Egypt. The initial letters of their national records are written upon papyri. The Greeks excelled in the art—painting on vellum with gold or silver, after having stained the material in rose-color or violet. It was brought to the highest degree of perfection in Ireland long before its introduction into England or America, being practiced in the monasteries, and the Book of Kells was produced by the school they founded. We believe the art flourished chiefly between the eighth and fifteenth centuries.

THE DECEIVED.

BY M. L. M.

Oh, how sad it is to think
That a young heart, free from guile,
Should o'er be turn'd against the world
Through a man's deceitful smile.
The joy I knew tongue cannot tell,
When I felt his love was mine;
But alas! I too have been deceived—
No heart so false as thine!

Once how truly did I love thee,
Now, for ever must we part;
There's nought but time in this sad world
To heal a broken heart.
Though calmly could I meet thee,
As I used to do of yore,
We now must part for ever—
Farewell! we meet no more.

First At Last!

BY B. DERMS.

"JEHOSHAPHAT!"—"That's the funeral!"—"Ain't she an eye-opener!"

According to his vocabulary and powers of expression did each man of a little group of half a dozen standing outside the hotel kept by Quaker Joe in Deadman's Flat give vent to the feeling that stirred him.

The language was not elegant, but it was eloquent; it was the involuntary expression of the most unbounded admiration for a member of the other sex who had arrived on the stage that had just come in from the East.

Deadman's Flat was a small settlement on the very outskirts of Western civilization—indeed it was at that time only just awaking to the need of civilizing influences; and the young lady who had just arrived at the hotel was one of the first-comers to prove that the community was becoming aware of its growing importance.

The men lounging outside the establishment dignified by the title of hotel were a fair sample of the male population—rough of speech and dress, and not too clean in appearance.

Among them however was one noticeable exception, who was also the only man who had uttered no comment on the new arrival. This was Mr. Josh May. But Josh, it was said, always required several hours to express any opinion.

The loungers were the ordinary stamp of Western miners. They drank and gambled, and were reckless in most of the sets of their derringers on their lives. If they were rather too free in using their derringers on their friends and acquaintances, they, in their turn, met the bullets of these same acquaintances with a courage bordering on stoicism; and they were, in spite of their vices, their reckless living and talking, capable of rising at important moments to supreme heroism and self-sacrifice.

As a set-off to these virtues, they were, most of them, perfectly equal to cheating their most intimate acquaintances, and were also equally ready swiftly and irrevocably to "settle the affair" of any associate or stranger caught attempting to rob or cheat them, evidence of which readiness was borne by a tree standing on high ground about a mile out of Deadman's Flat.

As a matter of fact, that very afternoon there had been a committee-meeting to try a case of flagrant wrong done to the moral welfare of Deadman's Flat; but the evidence had not been considered sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and he had been set free until more facts could be collected against him.

But Deadman's Flat, once roused to a sense of justice and virtue, did not mean to let him escape, and, as he passed out of the room, at a sign from the judge two of the jury, in an apparently aimless fashion, lounged out after him.

The arrival of the weekly stage, always of interest to this isolated little settlement, caused more than usual excitement this afternoon. There had been only one inside passenger, and both Mr. Quaker Joe and his "better half" had hurried out to receive her.

After about a quarter of an hour, Quaker Joe bustled out again, his face beaming.

"Boys, it's the new schoolmarm home a week sooner than we expected her; and the schoolhouse ain't finished. You'll have to buckle to. Ain't she a beauty? Mrs. Joe kinder froze to her at once. It's lucky—ain't it, boys?"—with a wink; for Mr. Quaker Joe was quite courageous when Mrs. Quaker Joe was not by.

There was an appreciative chuckle, and then the faces of the "boys" grew suddenly grave and abstracted, as a shrill imperious cry of "Joe!" was heard from the house. Mr. Quaker Joe hastily retreated; and the jurymen also remembered that they had business elsewhere and moved off.

One of them, a fair-haired slightly-built young man, whose scrupulously clean appearance distinguished him from the rest of his fellow jurymen, mounted his horse and left the town to go out to his "claim." His lawful name was Josh May, but he was so slow of speech and so sluggish in action that he had gained the nickname of "Greased Lightning."

In spite however of the almost dandified care of his shirts and appearance, he was generally respected and liked; for he had established a reputation for himself in that rough reckless community. It was a well-known fact that, if he gave his word, he kept it. One of his acquaintances said, in explanation of this fact, that Josh took so long to make up his mind that life was too short to allow of his changing it.

It was not until he was preparing to turn into his blankets that evening that Josh made any comment upon the young lady who had come to reside among them.

"Her eyes kinder 'mind me of angel's eyes," he said to himself.

And somehow Mr. Josh May, or, as he was most generally known, "Greased Lightning," could not banish from his thoughts those sweet gray eyes. They haunted his dreams that night; they watched him with amused girlish curiosity as he ate his breakfast the next morning; they came during the day between him and his work, and gazed at him from the curling wreaths of smoke floating up from his pipe whenever he sat down for rest and refreshment.

The next day their spell seemed only to grow stronger; but he allowed a whole week to go by before he went into the town to see if a second glimpse of those eyes confirmed the first impression. In the meantime his friends were making good use of the opportunity he was wasting.

Willing hands worked hard at the schoolhouse; endless little comforts, even luxuries, were procured, at the cost of considerable expense and trouble, to make the new home of the schoolmistress more fit for her occupation.

And Quaker Joe, at whose hotel she was staying until the schoolhouse was ready, did a brisk trade, all the male population of Deadman's Flat and the surrounding country patronising him extensively, in the hope of getting a look or a smile from the new schoolmistress.

The schoolhouse was ready at last; and one evening at the end of the week Miss Patricia Marks, chaperoned by Mrs. Quaker Joe—who was very sorry to lose the girl—and escorted by about half a dozen of the "boys" who has been most active in their exertions on her behalf, went with her worldly possessions to her new quarters.

As the little procession turned into the enclosure before the house, two men met in the road about twenty yards farther on. Through an opening in the belt of redwoods that bordered the road they could see the group in the enclosure.

One of the men was Josh May, who had at last made up his mind to pay a visit to Deadman's Flat. The other, known by the title of "Long James," was the man who had been tried by his fellow-citizens a week before. He had been absent from Deadman's Flat ever since, and had returned that afternoon. Two of the jurymen had also been absent, and they too had returned that day.

"Long James" stopped as he caught sight of the schoolhouse.

"What's up?" he asked languidly.

"The new schoolmarm," said Josh May laconically. Then, as he discovered that the house was finished and that Miss Marks was taking possession, he turned his horse's head and rode towards it.

"Long James" followed Josh's example. He had not the smallest interest in the new schoolmistress, of whom as yet he had heard nothing; but he felt bored, and thought he might as well go and look as do anything else.

When two men reached the enclosure, which the "boys" had done their best to convert into a garden, they found that Miss Patricia Marks and Mrs. Quaker Joe had gone into the house to inspect it, while the "boys" were waiting outside for Miss Marks to give her verdict.

Josh dismounted and entered the garden, followed by "Long James," who saw no reason why he should stay outside, though any one of the men assembled there would cheerfully have hanged him if sufficient reason for so doing could have been found.

The two men were greeted in different fashions by the "boys," and each returned the salutation with a slight nod. Josh had nothing to remark; "Long James" was too bored to say anything. They stood a little apart from and behind the rest, nearer to the fence.

Miss Patricia Marks appeared in the doorway, facing them all. The lingering rays of the setting sun fell upon her face, and it seemed as if something dimmed the sweet gray eyes.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, in a clear if rather unsteady voice. "I can only say this—I was a little afraid to come here at first, it seemed so far off; but"—her eyes, as she glanced across the little group, fell upon the two men standing beyond; she drew in her breath sharply, and then her gaze returned to the others—"you have taught me that I need fear no more."

The "boys" received the speech in grave silence, and all looked at one whose eloquence was held in considerable repute; but, from some cause—perhaps it was the midst in the gray eyes, or the break in the voice, or the girl's charming fairness—the orator was not equal to the occasion. He made an unsteady step forward, blushed crimson, coughed; then, with a desperate consciousness that he was being waited for, he opened his lips.

"We're much obliged," he said; then; wheeling round sharply, he passed out at the gate and started off in the direction of Deadman's Flat.

The "boys" felt that there was nothing more to be said or done, so they followed.

Mrs. Quaker Joe lingered to make some final comment on the house and the general incapacity of men, and then she too hurried after her husband, who had gone off with the "boys."

Patricia Marks stood on the threshold of her new home, looking after Mrs. Joe until she was lost in the belt of red-woods which stood between the town and the schoolhouse. It seemed a rather lonely home for the slender girl standing there in the last light of the fading day. There was no sound save the shrill chirping of the grasshoppers. She stood in a strange bent attitude, looking but seeing nothing, for a great fear and anguish dimmed her eyes.

There was the sound of a footstep, and, turning sharply, she saw "Long James" come out from the shadow of an outhouse and advance towards her. She had been expecting him, and, advancing swiftly to meet him with outstretched hands, she put up her face to be kissed.

"Oh, Jack, Jack! To think of finding you here! I thought, when I caught sight of you at first, that I should have screamed aloud; but I remembered——" She flushed scarlet at the thought that, flying from the consequences of a shameful crime, Jack was probably living here under an assumed name. It had been the remembrance of this that checked the public recognition of him, her only brother, when it was on her lips.

"Yes," he said, with a harsh reckless laugh—"I am 'John Marks' no more; I'm now 'Long James'!"

"Oh"—her face turning pale with fear—"not the man who——"

"Stole the sheriff's horses?"—grimly. "No—though they are mighty anxious to bring it home to me. They'd do it, too, if ——" He paused, and a dull wave of color spread over his face.

But Patricia understood; if they knew that "Long James" was the John Marks wanted by the New York police for a robbery of bonds, they would have still fewer scruples about adding the theft of the horses to his account.

"I should not have come to-night," the man went on more hurriedly, "but I had no idea——" He stopped. The punishment of his sin had fallen not only upon him, but also upon his sister; she had been compelled to give up her honorable position in New York to come to this desolate rude settlement. "It is strange, our meeting here!"—in a sharp bitter tone of despairing pain.

"Hush!" She slipped her hand within his arm. "You are my brother; I will not think of the dreadful past; you were mad when you acted as you did!"

"Don't!" His lips twitched. "I'm not such a cur as to think any excuse—— But there"—with some of the old recklessness—"we needn't discuss my miserable self!"

"Don't, Jack!" Patricia put her hand to his lips. "Thank Heaven, I have found you!"

Jack was more moved by this speech than he cared to show.

"But we must not be brother and sister any more," he said a little hoarsely; "it would only harm you to have me for your brother!" Then, as the girl broke into a passionate remonstrance and he saw that it was the only way to prevent her mixing herself up with his unfortunate affairs, he added, "For my sake, too! If the boys once knew that I was John Marks, it would go hard with me!"

This argument had the desired effect; and, after a few moments more, Jack kissed his sister and strode away into the darkness that had fallen suddenly upon Deadman's Flat.

The girl, with her hand to her eyes, went back into the house, closing the door.

At a few yards from the schoolhouse was a thick bush. About ten minutes later, when all the place was dark and silent, Mr. Josh May cautiously raised himself from the shelter of this bush, and he too vanished stealthily into the darkness.

* * * * * *

It was three weeks later. The new schoolmistress was established in Deadman's Flat every inhabitant of which, man, woman, and child, was proud of and devoted to her. To the amusement of his acquaintances, Josh May, who had hitherto avoided women as mysterious beings, showed signs of attaching himself to Patricia's court—that is, if anything so distant and solemn as the respect he showed her could be called paying homage to her. He rarely attempted to address her, and, if he ever had any intention of performing for her any of the little services which the other "boys" were always so eagerly on the watch to render her, he was invariably too late.

Another man would step in and fill her buckets at the well; another would bring back to the schoolhouse, penitent and miserable, some reckless little truant whose loved liberty had for the moment overcome his admiration for his pretty schoolmistress; it was always some one else who, going East on business, remembered to ask if he could do any commissions for her in the more civilized towns he was visiting; and, when one day Josh rode into Deadman's Flat with a great bunch of scarlet autumn berries which he had gathered far out in the woods, and, stopping at the schoolhouse to offer it to Patricia, caught a glimpse of another great bunch already on her desk, while nestling close to her pretty white chin and throat was a small cluster of the same crimson berries, the sight so disturbed him that he retreated at once, forgetting to present his own offering.

Out of sight of the schoolhouse, he stood staring at the berries for a few seconds, thinking vaguely how some of them might have been resting under that dainty white chin; then the color rushed to his face, and he walked away softly, with a curious look in her eyes, as if in that vague thought he had been guilty of sacrilege.

There was also another part of Josh's conduct which excited some wonder and a little disapproval among his companions. In his slow silent fashion he had attached himself to "Long James," and, without a word being said on his part, it became generally understand that "Greased Lightning" was "goin' fur to back Long James!" and, as Josh had always been extremely decided in his views on the subject of horse-thieves and had never expressed the slightest doubt as to "Long James'" guilt, it was felt that his public support of him now was open to question.

At first, beyond a girl's amusement at his supreme indifference and gravity, Patricia scarcely noticed him; then his quiet steady championship of her brother, of which she heard something through Mrs. Quaker Joe, who was still her chief friend, made her feel an interest in the taciturn handsome miner. Since the day of her arrival she had scarcely seen her brother. He kept out of her way. But his absence did not lessen her anxiety. She knew his fearless reckless temper, and she dreaded lest he might at any moment do something to place himself in the power of his enemies.

There were times when her anxiety was almost unbearable. Then the vigilance of the committee seemed to relax; "Long James" was allowed to come and go unwatched. He himself apparently noticed nothing, and continued his careless indifferent life, acting and speaking just as he had done when he knew that, whether he stayed in Deadman's Flat or went out of it, he was always accompanied by two men, whose orders were never to lose sight of him.

But Josh May grew, if anything, graver and more silent, and attached himself still more decidedly to the suspected one's side when they met in public. Josh had been present a day or two before the watching was relaxed at a secret meeting of the Vigilance Committee. As a sworn mem-

ber of that committee, he could say nothing of what took place at the meeting.

He knew that "Long James," with his growing recklessness, his more frequent absences, was just blundering into the trap laid for him.

About a week later, a party from the East arrived at Deadman's Flat, and encamped about half a mile south of the town. They had with them some valuable horses, which were being taken by their owner to his ranche. That night the horses were stolen. The impudent daring, the cunning, the marvellous success of the robbery all pointed to its being conducted by the same hand that had carried out all the other robberies which had lately enraged and astounded Deadman's Flat.

"Long James" had left town on the previous afternoon, and had not since been seen. He had disappeared, unnoticed by the men who had laid the trap of seeming inattention simply to try to catch him recommencing his old tricks. They had only pretended to let him go free. But he had eluded them, after all, and now he and the horses were probably in safe hiding. There was no question as to his guilt.

The rage and humiliating sense of being fooled were unbounded in Deadman's Flat. At dawn a large party of "boys" bent on vengeance, headed by the sheriff, rode out of the town, sworn to bring back the thief dead or alive. Josh May, who had been in town since the previous afternoon, did not accompany them; he kept out of the way until the party had started—indeed it was generally known that he was in the town.

The morning hours passed away. The long straggling street, which constituted the chief claim of the place to the dignified title of town, was full of excitement. Josh May lounged about smoking and making little comments on the robbery. But he did not deny the strong probability that "Long James" was the thief; nor did he contradict the assertion that he deserved lynch-law without another trial. He knew that it would go very badly with "Long James" if he were caught.

Josh lounged about Quaker Joe's for the greater part of the morning. He listened in silence to Mrs. Quaker Joe, who bore down upon him three times to reproach him in scathing terms for his shameful laziness in loitering about when all honest men should be scouring the country to bring the thief to justice.

While these tirades were being delivered, he smoked imperturbably, thereby increasing the good lady's wrath. He saw Patricia arrive, evidently to try to obtain from Mrs. Quaker Joe some information about the robbery; but he kept out of the schoolmistress' sight. He watched her come out of Quaker Joe's again and pass on to the Square—the large piece of open ground in front of the hotel—and, when she stopped and spoke to the various groups that were collected here and there, he knew what she was asking. Then she turned away at last, and walked with slow steps, though with head still erect, as if to defy her brother's accusers to the last, towards the bolt of fire that shut in the schoolhouse.

Josh waited a little longer; then he too left Quaker Joe's, and sauntered in the direction of the schoolhouse. The children had a holiday, and he knew that Patricia would be there alone. He knocked lightly at the door. There was no answer, and, after a few seconds' hesitation, he opened it. At the desk, with her head resting on her arms, was Patricia. She had not heard his knock; but now, with a sharp inarticulate cry, she rose to her feet and faced him. It was the look on her face, as she stood there unable to utter the question that was on her lips, that decided him.

"I jiss kem around to say ez how he ain't caught yet, an' I don't go fur to say he ever will be caught."

The terrified expectancy on Patricia's face gave place slowly to bewilderment.

"You air astonished p'r'aps," Josh went on—and his eyes drooped as if with sudden shame—"but I happen to know who Long James is. I didn't mean fur to play a spy on you; but that night, when you kem around hyar, I kinder thought, by a look on your face when you caught sight of Long James, that it mightn't be none too agreeable fur you to be left alone if he was hanging around. You see, I didn't know"—coloring dully—"so I jess hid myself when I saw him make tracks fur the outhouse, and, waal, I jess heard. An' it made no manner of indifference to me like, but I sorter thought that, if I kem out, you an' he might be uneasy like—fur I'm a rough kind of critter by the likes of you—so I kep' close. But I kem around to-day to say as how I mean fur to see a fair game played—if I can. If not, waal, he'll hev another six-shooter at his disposal!"

Perhaps no one had ever heard so long a speech from Josh May before. He delivered it in his usual slow thoughtful tone, but the exertion was evidently great.

Patricia, tortured with pain and fear for her brother, was yet vaguely conscious of the wonder of it all—that so unexpected a friend should come forward to help them, that it should be this man above all the others—while Josh's good looks, his simplicity, his fidelity stirred her in a way she could not understand. But her brother's peril was too great to allow her thoughts to wander for more than a moment. She drew nearer to her newly-discovered friends, her hands clasped, her lips quivering.

"And you will try to help him? If you only knew how dear he is to me! He was upright once, and he has always been good to me—so good! Oh, save him!"

Josh took a step backward, and his lips seemed to grow paler.

"I will, if——" He stopped.

"Oh, but you must! Oh, what shall I do if you don't?" the girl cried wildly. "I know what they will do!" She shuddered violently. "One day I passed that tree—— Oh, I cannot think of it! Save him, save him! If they should do that to him, I should die! Oh, I will go and plead for him myself!"

Josh put himself between her and the door.

"It would be no manner of use," he said slowly, awkwardly. "He'd best still be Long James"—and he looked at her for a few seconds with something so strange in his eyes that she held her breath and gazed at him. Then all his awkwardness seemed suddenly to disappear, and a great red wave spread over her face. "Stay here for his sake," he said gently, but with a note in his voice that checked the passionate rebellious words on her lips. "He shall be saved—I promise you!"

He was gone before she could speak. In a dazed way she remembered something she had once heard of him—that he never broke a promise. But almost instantly another thought stirred her, and she ran to the door to look after the young man. He was already some yards from the house, and was walking at a quick steady pace very different from his usual slow sauntering movement. Patricia looked after him, and a faint color tinged her pale face. She would have called to Josh to return, that she might thank him, but her lips quivered too much to utter the words that rose to them. If he had only looked back, she would have beckoned; but he never turned until he reached the bolt of fire; and then, as usual, he was too late, for Patricia had run back into the house, and there, with her face hidden on her bowed arms, was sobbing as if her heart would break.

That afternoon the sheriff, returning with his party of "boys" weary, enraged, disappointed—for not a trace of "Long James" has been found—received a piece of information. The way in which it came to him was mysterious. A slip of paper found on the floor of his office told him, in a rough and scarcely legible handwriting, that, if he would take the trouble to ride at nightfall to the Black Bass, arranging to be there when the moon was rising, and would then follow certain directions given by the writer of the note, he would probably, find himself luckier than he had been in the morning.

After much thought and consultation on the part of the sheriff and his "boys," it was decided to accept the hint, and, secretly and well armed, so that, if it were an ambush, as some of the men thought probable, they would be prepared for the surprise, to visit the place indicated in the note. Accordingly about ten o'clock that night eight men armed to the teeth rode out separately and secretly from Deadman's Flat. They met at a point previously agreed upon about three miles from the town. Then they rode together to the Black Bass, a precipitous ravine at the foot of the sierras.

The moon was rising as they entered the pass. The brilliant white light made it almost as clear as day in the deep ravines, or the party would not have been able to follow the directions given in the letter.

The men kept as close together as they could, but it was often impossible to keep quite close while they skirted walls of rocks or wound in and out among the pines. But ambush or no ambush, they kept on, determined to hang "Long James" before another day had died. The way was long and difficult, and, when they at last reached the defile mentioned in the letter, their language betrayed a humor which boded ill for the object of their search in the event of his being captured.

A low whistle from the sheriff, who was riding in front, called them all hastily up. The sheriff had already dismounted and was standing at the entrance of a low cave which was so hidden by underbrush that but for the direction given the latter it would never have been discovered.

There was a whispered consultation; then the party dismounted, and, leaving two men to look after the horses and act as sentinels, the rest entered the cave, the sheriff leading the way with a lantern. The cave was a small one, and it was a considerable time before they discovered a passage leading out of it farther into the mountain. They passed through this into another, and finally came to a large cavern. They had walked as noiselessly as possible, every man with a revolver in each hand, expecting at any moment to be greeted with a volley, for, if they were really coming to the horse-thief's hiding-place, it was almost impossible to believe that he had no accomplices. By the light of the sheriff's lantern the eager excited men saw that the cavern contained a wide table, some guns stacked in a corner, some huge chests of rough wood, and, lying on some blankets at the farthest end, the figure of a man. He was asleep apparently, for he did not stir.

At a word from the sheriff the men spread themselves out in a line, their six-shooters covering the sleeper. The sheriff had caught a sound which brought the light of anger and triumph into her eyes. With swift stealthy footsteps he hastened to an opening facing him. It led into another cave which was fitted up as a commodious stable; and in it were not only the sheriff's horses, but also those that had been stolen the previous night. It was evident that the hue-and-cry had been too great to allow of the thieves taking them any farther.

The sheriff hurried back to the other cave. Just as he entered it, the man lying on the floor with his back towards the intruders rolled over with a sleepy groan, then sprang to his feet and seized his derringer. But he was too late—six revolvers covered him. There was a little hesitation, and then, seeing that the game was up, the captive raised his arms in sign of submission. As the light fell full upon his face, an exclamation of intense surprise—dismay even—broke from the search-party.

"Greased Lightning!"

There were a few moments of complete consternation, and then the sheriff, with an imprecation, stepped forward.

"What air you foolin' around hyar for, Josh May?" he roared.

"Tain't no concern of yours' I reckon, if you've found your horses!" Josh returned sullenly, though his eyes drooped before the sheriff's gaze and a dull flush rose to his cheeks.

The sheriff saw the unsteady eyes, and a choking lump seemed to rise in his throat. It was the first time Josh May had failed to look one of his fellows in the face, and, rough as the sheriff was, with perhaps more vices than virtues, the faltering gaze of the man he had trusted and liked hurt him deeply.

He turned on his heel, and, beckoning forward two of the other men, consulted with them for a few moments, while the rest, constrained and troubled, kept a close watch on Josh May. It seemed almost incredible that he was the thief.

Josh himself appeared the only indifferent one of the party. He maintained an apathetic silence. Only once was he roused, and that was when Jim Lake the sheriff, exasperated at Josh's cool obstinacy, hurt to the soul at finding his friend so base, uttered some angry sarcasm about the anonymous letter that had betrayed him. Then a strange look flashed into Josh's eyes, the calm of his face was broken by some powerful feeling, and his lips parted eagerly as if he were going to speak; but, with a violent effort, he checked himself, and turned away from the sheriff's scornful anger for a few seconds, then said listlessly—

"I suppose now you won't give me a chance of makin' a hole through the skunk?"

A thorough examination of the caves was made, and then the party started on the return journey to Deadman's Flat the procession this time including Josh May, closely guarded, and the stolen horses.

They reached Deadman's Flat in the dawn. The news spread like wildfire, and the amazement it caused was almost as great as that which the discovery had excited in the breasts of Josh's captors. Had it been "Long James," not even the sheriff could have saved him from being lynched on the spot. Now the fierce excitement gave place for a time to amazement and dismay. The crowd gathered about Quaker Joe's hotel, whither the prisoner had been taken for trial. He was found guilty. The verdict, though it had been expected, caused some excitement outside. Josh received it with the same apathetic calm that he had displayed all along; but, as he was turning away from his judges, he stopped and faced them again.

"If it makes no difference to you," he said slowly, "I'd reyther have a bullet through me than a rope round my neck; but of course I leave it to you."

The request caused some surprise. Josh was taken out of the room while it was discussed. There was no precedent for granting it, and the proposal to do so met with much opposition, for in the course of the trial the sense of justice had risen above personal feeling. But the sheriff, whose bitterness had softened as the end of his friend approached, exerted his influence on behalf of the condemned man, and, after a warm argument, the request was granted. The sentence however was to be carried out under the shadow of the tree where the judgments of Deadman's Flat juries had always carried out, six men who had no personal feeling towards the prisoner being told off to perform the duty.

As the western sun cast its full glory upon the summit of the wooded eminence, Josh May, the red rays falling on his face, a strange light in his eyes, stood before the leveled guns of his executioners. The order to fire was given; but simultaneously with it the shrill agonized scream of a woman rent the solemn stillness, and, as the sharp report of the rifles echoed in the distance, a horse dashed out from between the trees to the left. Seated on it was a girl whom, as she rode out into the golden light, the party recognized as the schoolmistress.

The smoke from the rifles cleared away; the man who had stood erect to receive their deadly contents lay still on the ground. Some of the party moved towards him, while others ran to meet the girl; but she too had caught sight of the senseless figure lying there in the red light, and, quickly turning his horse in that direction, she was kneeling down beside Josh before any one else could reach him. When the sheriff and his men ran up, she held out a paper, and, with hard gasping sobs, cried—

"Oh, see, see—you've murdered him! It was not he; he did it for me! Long James was my brother, and, to save him—— Oh"—and she raised Josh's heavy hand to her lips—"oh, if I could only make you hear one word! I did not know yesterday what you meant!"—and then a great cry broke from her as the fingers she was clasping stirred.

The sheriff, who had hastily glanced at the paper, dropped upon his knees with a groan, and raised his friend in his arms. It seemed as if Patricia's passionate heart-broken cry had called him back to life for a moment, for he opened his eyes and looked up into her as she bent over him, a faint smile flickering upon his lips.

"Oh," Patricia cried, with passionate reverence, the tears falling fast, "you did it for us, and I have just found out that it was John Addison who was the thief! He was thrown from his horse a little while ago just by the schoolhouse, as they brought him in to me; and he is dying, and, when he found that he could not live, he confessed that it was he who stole the horses, and he told me to come as fast as I could; and now it is all too late!"

She was right. There was nothing to be done. The sheriff, who was beginning to understand, made a gesture to the pale-faced men standing round to retire. This terrible close to the silent love-story should have no witness but her.

"Forgive me, Josh, old boy!" the sheriff whispered, his eyes too dim for a moment to see the strange sweet smile on the pale upturned face.

The dying man's hand closed over his.

"It was a little hard at first," Josh said slowly, with long pauses between the words; "but it was for her. I found out that stable by accident three days ago, and thought it was Long James'; and"—a wistful far-off look came into his eyes—"it was sorter presumptious, but I thought as how, for her sake——" The broken gasping voice failed and a strange pallor spread over his face.

A sudden impulse, or some pitiful inspiration, or more probably the tender passion of a woman's love bridged over all differences of birth and circumstance and position; Patricia stooped swiftly and kissed him. A strange and wonderful

light came into his eyes; then they closed, and he was dead.

* * * * * *

Patricia never married. She left Deadman's Flat soon after Josh's death and joined her brother, whose disappearance on the same day that the horses were stolen had been but a coincidence, after all. He had suddenly grown utterly weary of the place, and had gone away, fortune apparently favoring his escape. When his sister heard at last of his whereabouts, the tragedy had been played. She joined him, and in a remote Western town they began life anew. Then, after a while, through Patricia's entreaties, the man whom her brother had tried to wrong in New York withdraw his prosecution, and gave Jack one more chance to redeem his life. But it was the self-sacrifice of Josh May, apparently so needless, that was the turning-point. Jack was going down hill when this act of supreme heroism and devotion arrested him. For very remorse and gratitude he could not waste in sin and folly the life which had been saved at such a price. A waste sacrifice it might seem; but John Marks was redeemed, and Josh May was First At Last!

An Evening Out.

BY A. T. S.

I SUPPOSE every householder has had more or less trouble with domestic servants; but I venture to think that my own experience has been unique.

We had a girl in our employ once who was a paragon of veracity. Consequently, when, as the result of repeated shortcomings on her part, I said to her, "Now, Sarah, you may have your Sunday evening out, but you must be in punctually at nine, to lay the supper," and she replied "I shall do not sich thing," I knew that I might take her at her word, and she wouldn't.

Sunday night came; we heard Sarah on her way out, and we heard the front door slam.

At nine it was quite evident she had kept her word. She had not come in. We waited supper for a while, and finally spread the meal ourselves, and, when we had finished it, left the things on the table for Sarah to clear away.

I smoked my pipe, as usual, determined to be patient. I need not detail the domestic conversation which ensued. It can well be imagined.

At eleven it became obvious that we, or I, should have to sit up for Sarah. Of all the trying experiences of civilization, the worst, I think, is to sit up for someone who is "out late." You never feel so sleepy as when you ought to be awake. The clock never moves its hands so tardily as when you are watching them complete their circular course. But the ordeal becomes greatly aggravated when the person for whom you are waiting is a domestic who is staying out-of-doors in defiance of your express instructions.

Half-past eleven! Still no Sarah!

My wife began to suggest horrid things. To quiet her, I lighted another pipe, had a second "night-cap," and waited. That tobacco must have been very dry, for the pipe was smoked in no time. That grog, too, must have very weak, for it lasted a very little while.

At a quarter to twelve, having cogitated the matter, I determined to be lenient no longer. We couldn't afford to tolerate such a servant as Sarah. Said I to my wife—

"If Sarah is not in by twelve, she must go instanter."

"But we can't turn the girl out at that hour of the night," objected my wife, humanely.

"Thursday week."

I worked out how much was due to date, and then set about making up the exact money—1s. 4d., with an impossible fraction. It was an awful trouble on a Sunday night to get that odd amount together. I hadn't any change: my wife had none, and the rest of the family had got rid of all their small silver at the church collection. It looked as if I should have to give up the business in despair.

Finally, a happy thought seized me, and we broke open the children's money-box, and then made up Sarah's wages to the exact penny piece.

"I shall pay Sarah," I explained, "the moment she arrives. That will legally terminate the engagement. She can leave in the morning. And now, my dear, we will go to bed," for midnight had passed, and still there were no signs of Sarah.

At two o'clock in the morning our dog began to howl, and my wife awoke me.

"My dear," said she, "there's Sarah."

Now, in ordinary circumstances, I might perhaps have hurried on a dressing gown and flitted to the door and back again, as people do who are disturbed in the middle of the night. But I felt that as I had semi-judicial functions to discharge, the lightest of clothing was scarcely suitable. So I dressed more or less completely, for a judge would scarcely look dignified in a night-cap and slippers.

Then I marched down stairs and found—no Sarah!

I went round to the dog. Nero had evidently seen some one, and regretted, apparently, that his canine education had been neglected to an extent to render him unable to tell me in plain English who the nocturnal visitor had been.

I—well, blessed the dog, and went back to bed, with Sarah's packet of money, which I had taken downstairs, still in my hand, and my dignified speech of dismissal, which I had composed whilst trying to woo the drowsy god, still undelivered, for Sarah had not come home.

Morning broke upon our Sarah-less household. A plan of campaign was speedily devised. Sarah, I ought to have said, was our "general." We had no other maid, and therefore the domestic work fell upon the family in her absence. To my daughters the dusting was assigned, to my wife the preparation of breakfast, to my son the blacking of the boots, and to myself the lighting of the kitchen fire.

Now I had never lighted a "kitchener." I believe this is the name for that elaborate apparatus of flues and dampers, and hot-water pipes, and ovens that won't get hot, and the smallest place imaginable for the coke. The thing wouldn't "draw" and puffed volumes of smoke into my eyes and made them water.

"How long," I shouted, "how long is it since this confounded thing was swept?"

"Oh! it's Monday," answered my wife, "and Monday is flue-day. Last Monday Sarah was out and didn't sweep the flue. Here's the brush."

I grabbed the brush and plunged madly at what I believed to be the flue. My arms were smothered with soot, and my brow reeked with perspiration. I wiped it off with my hand, and left—although I was unaware of it—streaks of grime upon my classic features.

My son had succeeded in blacking himself more than the boots. My daughters had raised a cloud of dust in the breakfast-room. My wife had just broken a plate in the sink, and was bemoaning the loss of it, as it would spoil the service, when there was a sound of steps on the stairs, someone turned the handle of the kitchen door, and in walked Sarah!

She was in the flesh, alive; but sleepy.

Sarah rubbed her eyes, looked round at us all—at my wife, who was holding the fragments of the plate; at my son, who gaped at her with a boot on one hand and with a brush in the other; at my daughter, who had that instant smashed a gas globe with her broom; and at me—who, on hands and knees was busy raking out sacks of soot.

"Well, I never!" said Sarah.

"Where have you been?" I demanded, severely.

"Been!" said she, amazed; "been to bed."

"But when did you come home last night—how did you get in?"

"I never went out. I 'ad a 'eadache, so I spent my evening out in bed."

The situation was so ridiculous that we roared and roared with laughter. Sarah, the truant, had been indoors all the while. She had just looked out at the front door, saw it was a nasty night, and then had gone straight upstairs.

The worst of it was I couldn't say a word to her by way of reproof, and, all things considered, I felt it undesirable to present Sarah with the little packet containing her wages "up to date."

OF DOUBTFUL VALUE.—A somewhat amusing incident occurred the other day in a barber's shop, which caused a general titter amongst the customers.

Businesslike Barber: "Your hair has had a remarkable change for the better, sir, since buying a bottle of my new hair cleanser."

Wily Customer: "Indeed, I am very glad to hear it?"

Businesslike Barber: "Yes, I would certainly recommend you to have another bottle. It has a wonderful effect on the hair."

Wily Customer: "Possibly so; but I am of opinion that it has a still more wonderful effect off the hair, as I have not even opened the bottle yet. No, I'm better without it; good morning!"

CHURNING THE BUTTERMILK.

I never undertook but once, said Tim, to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cosy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning.

She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and, slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it down where I couldn't help seeing what she wanted. So I took hold readily enough, and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid.

Well, when the next churning came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again I did the same thing, and I was regularly set for it every time; not a word said, you know, of course.

Well, by and by, this began to be rather irksome; I wanted her just to ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't say anything to save my life. So on we went.

At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me.

Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—was swallowed, there stood the churn; I got up, and, standing a few minutes just to give her a chance, I put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so, with palpitating heart, I moved on.

I went down town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong—I did not feel exactly how, but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me.

It seemed as if dinner-time would never come; and as for going home one minute before the dinner hour, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went, fretting and moping about till the dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind how she would meet me, but I expected some kind of a storm.

Will you believe me?—she even greeted me with a smile—never had a better dinner than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it. Not a word was said. I felt confoundedly out, and every mouthful of that dinner felt as if it would choke me.

She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just the same as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and marched to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash, dip, rattle—I kept it up. As it in spite, the butter never seemed so long in coming; I supposed the cream in standing so long had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts.

Obstinate matter; the afternoon wore off while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time. "Come, Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk long enough. Is it for fun you are doing it?" I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and had left the buttermilk in the churn for me to exercise with! I never set up for myself in household matters after that memorable day.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 per cent. below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders to stop over at Baltimore, Washington, or any other point, going and returning.

Besides the opportunity of visiting Washington, a privilege afforded by no other route, tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will traverse the historic Potomac Valley, the theatre of the war between the States. At Cumberland they will be offered a choice of routes, via Pittsburgh, or across the Alleghany mountains 3000 feet above the level of the sea and via Deer Park and Oakland, the famous summer resorts. The scenery along the Baltimore & Ohio route is the most picturesque in America. Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey. For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. ticket Agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The musical education of the daughters of the Princess of Wales is placed in the hands of Miss Olga Neruda, whose elder sister is the famous violinist, Lady Halle. Miss Neruda teaches them the pianoforte, but neither of the young Princesses has been able to learn the violin. This lack of musical talent has caused some disappointment to the Princess of Wales, who takes much pride in the doctorship of music conferred upon her Royal Highness at Dublin some years ago. Some of the most famous musicians in the world have played with the Royal pupils. One of them, a brilliant violinist, was once asked his opinion of their performance. "You play like—like princesses," he replied.

It is the rule in Austria and Germany that all the members of the Imperial family, boys and girls, shall learn a trade. On account of this the Queen of Spain was enabled to do a little unpremeditated act of cleverness which greatly added to her popularity with working people. Visiting the other day the famous factory of mosaics at Orio, she stopped to watch one of the workmen for a few moments, and asked him to let her finish his job for him. Then, taking his seat, she completed in the most deft and workmanlike manner the mosaic he had commenced, according to the methods she learned when a little schoolmistress, with no idea of ever becoming a queen.

The extraordinary title conferred on Maurice L. Muhleman, who was recently in charge of the Sub-Treasury, recalls the joke played on some Englishmen by J. F. Burlingame, an American naval officer, in 1864. Arriving at a fashionable London hotel he registered as follows: Hon. J. F. Burlingame, A. E. U. S. N.; O. N. D. F. T. N. D. U. S.; I. C. W. B. H. R. For a week the entire house was mystified. Men turned to their dictionaries of abbreviations in vain. There was no such title in all England, and Mr. Burlingame was the puzzle of the hour. Finally a bold Britisher asked what the initials meant, and was put to rout when the reply came, "Acting ensign United States Navy; on special duty for the Navy Department, United States, in connection with British blockade runners."

It is not generally known that the Sultan of Turkey, besides being a good pianoforte player, is a composer of some repute. He composed the Hamidieh March, which is now often played as a kind of Turkish national anthem. Another royal musician is the Czar, who beguiles himself upon the French horn. One wonders whether it is for this reason that so many of his subjects are anxious to assassinate him. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, brother of the late Prince Consort, the hereditary Prince of Saxe Meiningen, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, are also notable musicians and composers as well; but they do not, happily, play instruments which are likely to exasperate their neighbors. The Duke of Connaught plays the flute; the Duke of Edinburgh, the violin; and the Prince of Wales, the banjo. The last instrument is one which, if played by the Czar, would probably have insured his destruction long ago.

Jackson Park, in which the Exposition is being held, has a frontage on Lake Michigan of one and one-half miles, and contains 533 acres, 77 of which are water. The Midway Plaisance is a mile long and 600 feet wide, and contains 80 acres more. There are 39 Exposition buildings proper and a floor space of 130 acres. Adding the galleries there are 1037 acres. Grouped around there are 44 State and Territorial buildings, 18 buildings erected by foreign governments and 40 others for the minor purposes of the management, restaurants and advertising wares and enterprises. In the Midway Plaisance are the foreign villages, shops, etc. The visitor who would merely take a passing look at each of the vast army of exhibits must prepare to walk along 124 miles of aisles. Add to this the distance from one building to another, which must of necessity be traveled many times, and the distance to be covered will reach fully 150 miles.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

[illegible] makes oath that he is the [illegible] of the firm of F. J. Cheney & [illegible] in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[illegible] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

[illegible] is taken internally and acts directly on the blood [illegible] of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE MAIDEN'S QUEST.

BY E. A. P.

MOTHER was dressing Pearl for a party, and, as she buttoned the pretty white shoes upon the restless feet, and brushed out the fluffy yellow locks of her little daughter, she told her the story of the three bears.

Pearl listened in wide-eyed wonder. It was the first time she had heard the story, and she was deeply interested, especially in the sayings and doings of the smallest bear. She thought that Goldenhair had been most unkind to eat up his porridge, and break his chair, and that she had hardly deserved to escape so easily.

"Me wouldn't do dat," she said gravely. "Me wouldn't touch de likkle bear's fings, den de papa bear wouldn't want to eat me. Muvver, Pearl would like to see de bear's house."

Mother smiled, and said she was afraid it would not be easy to find.

"Me'll find it tum day," declared Pearl, with a sagacious nod of her head.

Mother did not give much heed to what her pet was saying. She was robing the little figure in a frock of soft silk, daintily trimmed at neck and wrists, and her attention was engrossed by her occupation, for it was no light matter to dress Pearl, as she was such a restless mite. But at last she was ready, and seated by mother's side in the carriage, and then the shrill sweet voice commenced to prattle again. The questions she asked were all about three bears, and at last Mrs. Raimford said that she must buy her the book containing the story.

"Will dere be pictures in it?" demanded Pearl; and mother said "Yes."

"Buy it now, p'ease," was the next demand.

"Not now, dear, but as we come back from Mrs. Deere's we will stop at a shop where we can most probably get it"; and with that Pearl was satisfied.

Pearl enjoyed the party very much. There was a Punch and Judy show in the grounds, and she laughed heartily at the queer antics of Punch.

Then the children had games upon the lawn, and afterwards tea, with cake and fruit, and delicious creams and jellies. Before the party broke up, Mrs. Deere gave to each of her young guests a box of bonbons. Pearl slipped hers into her pocket, and then went away with her mother, a very contented if weary little girl.

Mother did not forget her promise. As they drove home she stopped the carriage at a stationer's shop in the High Street, and bought the book containing the story of the bears. It was Pearl's bedtime when they reached home, so there was only just time for a peep at the pictures, but on the following morning the little girl spent quite an hour in looking at them. She decided in her own mind that she would have felt afraid of the great bear, he looked so big and fierce, and even his wife looked rather alarming, though her expression was milder; but the little bear had such a nice comical face that Pearl quite liked it.

"Me'd like to talk to him," she thought, for to the little four-year-old the story seemed a reality. "Wonder could me find dat house?"

She studied the picture gravely for some moments. It represented a low white house, with a green door, a bright brass knocker, and having a small garden in front.

Suddenly Pearl threw down the book, and rose to her feet with an air of resolution. Nurse was absent from the room, and Pearl was glad of that, for nurse, she thought, would be sure to object to her going out alone.

She could not find her sun-bonnet, but she did not at all mind going out bare-headed, and she managed to reach nurse's basket from a shelf, and into it put the box of bonbons she had received at the party, and one of her toys, an ostrich drawing a tiny mail-cart.

"For to 'muse de likkle bear," she told herself.

No one saw the wee maiden leave the house. Pearl trotted out into the road, in her white frock with its dainty blue shoulder-knots, her dimpled arms bare, and her fluffy fair head uncovered, smiling gleefully to herself as she thought of the meeting with the little bear.

She passed several houses, but most of them were large, and not one of them had a green-painted door, with a bright knocker, like the one in the picture. Pearl began to feel the least bit tired, the sun scorched her face, and she felt a pebble in her shoe, but she would not turn back. Surely before very long she would arrive at the home of the three bears.

At last, upon turning a corner, the little girl stood still, and broke into a laugh of triumph.

At a little distance stood a low white house, with a bright green door, and lace curtains fluttering at the windows.

There was a small garden in front too, with just such vivid red roses and carnations blooming in it as were represented in her book. Pearl unlatched the iron gate with ease, and walked boldly up the path. As she did so, she saw a great shaggy head at one of the open windows.

"De dear likkle bear is at home den," she said, half aloud. "Me finks——"

But Pearl had not time to express her thought. A huge form came bounding towards her, and sprang upon her with such violence that she was knocked down. The child was very much frightened, and screamed loudly, bringing upon the scene an old gentleman in a wide-brimmed straw hat, who looked in amazement at the small trespasser.

Pearl presented a woeful spectacle, with her white frock powdered with dust, one blue shoulder-knot hanging loose, and her pretty face stained with dirt and tears.

"Who are you, my dear, and what is the matter?" asked the old gentleman, and Pearl sobbed out—

"Me tomed to see de likkle bear, but he wasn't a bit kind, and made me tumble down. And Pearl had bringed him a nice present too."

The old gentleman did not understand at first, but he seated himself upon a garden chair, with Pearl on his knee, and dried her eyes with his handkerchief, whilst she told him her story.

"A bear, eh!" he said, laughing. "Why, that is my dog Bruno. He is a big fellow, isn't he? He did not intend to hurt you, my dear, he only meant to give you a welcome."

So Pearl was reassured, and presently ventured to smooth Bruno's shaggy coat with her plump fingers. As for Bruno's master, he seemed quite pleased with the little girl's prattle, and gave her some fruit, and picked a bunch of flowers for her, before he took her home. The two walked along the road hand-in-hand, chatting in a friendly fashion, Pearl's fair rough head covered with a gay crimson-and-gold smoking cap, and Bruno stalking majestically behind.

This was the little procession that Pearl's mother beheld coming up the avenue, as she stood at the hall door; and very glad she was to see her darling safe, for nurse and the gardener had both gone to look for her. Mother began a mild reproof, but Pearl's penitent face caused her to end it with a kiss.

Pearl's first visit to the little white house was by no means her last. She and the old gentleman became firm friends, and she was often allowed to go and spend the afternoon with him. Bruno, too, quite took her into favor, and would come to meet her as she entered the garden, though he never attempted to welcome her in his former boisterous way.

And Pearl, after a quiet talk with her mother, understood the mistake she had made, and never again wandered away from home in a vain search after the three bears.

"A PENNY FOR PUMPING."

BY C.

KITTY went to the pump to get a jug of water for her mother. It was very cool, good water, and many people sent their children for it. Kitty had been many times. She could reach the handle, and pump quite well for herself.

But to-day, when she went with her jug, she found a boy there whom she had never seen before.

"What do you want, little girl?" said he.

"I have come for some water," said Kitty; "please let me have the handle."

For the boy was holding the handle of the pump.

But he did not loose it: he only said—

"Have you a penny?"

Kitty stared at him.

"What for?"

"I'm going to pump water for everyone, and they must give me a penny for pumping. If you have not a penny you may go away, for you shall not have any water."

"Mother's waiting," said Kitty. "I must have a jug of water."

But the boy only laughed, and said—

"I must have a penny."

Kitty went very red. She felt very angry, for she had never had any trouble about the pump before.

"You're a naughty boy," she said, "I will fetch my mother," and leaving her jug she ran off.

As soon as she had gone, the boy took her jug and hid it among some tall grass, and then he ran away himself.

When Kitty and her mother came to the pump neither the boy nor the jug was to be seen.

"Oh dear," cried Kitty, "he has run away and taken my jug with him. And I don't know who he is, or where he lives."

"I daresay he belongs to the new people who have just come," said the mother; "we will go and see."

So Kitty and her mother set off, but they had not gone far before Kitty saw the boy peeping at her from behind a tree.

"Oh, there he is!" cried Kitty, "my jug, my jug! Boy, give me my jug!"

"I have not got it," said the boy.

Kitty's mother came up, and when the boy saw her he was going off again. But Kitty's mother said—

"If you don't give me the jug I shall go to your father, for I know who you are."

"It's under the grass behind the pump," he said.

"Fetch it at once," said Kitty's mother. And when the boy brought it, she said—"Now do not let me hear of your teasing Kitty or any other little girl again."

The boy put the jug into Kitty's hand, and went away looking rather ashamed.

Kitty looked after him, then she said to her mother—

"He must be a very bad boy, is he not?"

"No, I think not," said her mother. "I daresay he meant no harm; but boys are often too fond of teasing little girls younger than themselves, and giving them a fright."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In afterlife you may have again friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

HIS HAD SOME FUN.—A fond mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received the following reassuring letter:

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a good long while.

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time.

"A hoss kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I am not your son if we don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."

IN DOUBT.—Ethel: "Oh, Jack, have you seen father?"

Jack: "Yes, I have come straight here from his office."

Ethel: "And did he give his consent?"

Jack: "I couldn't quite make out. He seemed disinclined to commit himself definitely."

Ethel: "Why, what did he say?"

Jack: "He didn't say anything at all?"

Ethel: "Did you ask him?"

Jack: "I said, 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' and he turned and he looked at me a minute; then he began to grow red in the face, and then he grabbed me and threw me over the banisters, and before I could ask him again he had slammed his door and locked it?"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire string.

Fire extinguishers are now made in the shape of parlor bric-a-brac.

A Boston messenger boy glides about delivering messages on a bicycle.

People may now read the Scriptures in 201 different languages and dialects.

There are 85,000 Russians in the chief cities of the United States, 7800 of whom are in Philadelphia.

A cow owned by a Mr. Pierce, of Dalton, Georgia, lately gave birth, it is said, to a two-headed calf.

The year 1893 began on a Sunday and it will finish on a Sunday, so that it will contain 53 Sundays.

"Make It" and "Save It" are the names of the two sons of a resident of Winston, North Carolina.

A horse which died on the farm of the Rev. Francis Goodwin, at Hartford, Conn., lately, was 36 years old.

One good turn deserves another—as the acrobat observed when he threw a somersault in answer to an encore.

The Connecticut Legislature has just passed a bill requiring doctors to write their prescriptions in plain English.

The public baths of Tokio, Japan, are daily visited by about 400,000 persons. The cost of a bath is less than a cent.

In Japan there are apple-trees growing four inches in height which bear fruit freely about the size of currants.

The cry of the whip-poor-will is the recognized sign of summer in the South, as the cry of the cuckoo in England.

A company has been incorporated in New York city for the purpose of purchasing, selling and manufacturing egg yolks.

An enormous gorilla in the Berlin Aquarium takes a bath every day, and when eating uses a knife, fork and napkin.

In 1892 New York city paid for its school bill $4,000,000; for its amusement bill, $7,000,000, and for its drink bill, $60,000,000.

A Cincinnati man who recently gave an alleged outcast a breakfast and some clean clothes, was repaid for his kindness by the man stealing his horse.

As an indication of how the slave trade survives in Africa, it is stated that last summer a caravan of 10,000 camels and 4000 slaves left Timbuctoo for Morocco.

A New York woman has been awarded $2000 damages for injuries received in 1887, when an intoxicated car conductor forced her into a seat when she asked to be let off the car.

Hansboro, Miss., has a mule which won't work unless a bell is fastened round its neck. The beast used to help haul a street car, and became entranced with the melodic witchery of the bell.

A World's Fair philosopher says the Massachusetts lunch basket is filled with pork and beans, the one from Kansas with corned beef and cabbage, the St. Louis one holds beer and bologna, and the Illinois basket has hog and hominy.

Before 1845 a letter carried over 300 miles in this country cost 25 cents. From 1845 to 1863 it cost 10 cents. In 1863 the uniform 3-cent rate was adopted. A few years since the 2-cent rate was adopted, and now the country wants it reduced to 1 cent.

Since the Duke of Veragua is the nation's guest, the people will be interested in learning what it costs to board His Grace at the Auditorium Hotel, in Chicago. The bill for the first week, which was sent to the State Department at Washington, for payment, was $350.

The editors of morning papers in Germany leave their offices at 9 o'clock, and the papers are in press at 11 o'clock. By 12 o'clock even the printers have gone home; and when General Von Moltke died at 11 o'clock at night there was only one Berlin newspaper that had a line about it in its issue next morning.

Four £1,000,000 bank notes have been struck at the Bank of England. Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, possessed one of them; one went to George IV., and is in the Windsor Castle Library; another belongs to N. M. Rothschild, while the fourth remains at the Bank of England, where it may now be seen by visitors.

Among the many "freaks" offered for exhibition at the World's Fair is a hen that always walks backwards, a Shetland pony that is so small that her shoes are made from $20 gold pieces; a razor that had been used by George Washington; an Indiana prodigy, aged 4 years, who can recite "Thanatopsis," and a garment 400 years old.

About five years ago a "spirit" visited Frank Elmore, of Pickens county, Alabama, in his dreams. The spirit told him that he would find a treasure at a certain place under his house. The spirit also told him that he would be in danger if he revealed his find until the lapse of five years. The time having expired recently, Mr. Elmore went in search of the treasure, and found, he claims, $25,000 in gold and silver coin.

COME ROAM WITH ME!

BY W. W. LORD.

Come roam with me, oh, woman fair,
Come roam with me, oh, woman sweet,
Where soft winds whisper to the rose,
And violets bloom about your feet!

Come roam with me, oh, gentle one,
And watch the cloud-ships sail away
Between the earth and Paradise—
They will not stay, they will not stay.

Come roam with me across the dells,
Where pansies dot the grass-lined way;
Where Love sings to the summer breeze,
And life is like a summer day.

MAKING A LIVING.

If you want to find people earning a livelihood in the oddest possible ways, you should go to Paris. There the trade which has recently sprung up in London, and which the Excise authorities are endeavoring to suppress, has flourished for years—namely, the collection of cigar ends and cigarettes, partially smoked. In that country the use found for those stumps has been to convert them into stuffing for cigars, and the Board of Inland Revenue contend that the tobacco should be subject to duty a second time.

In Paris, it is on record that a wretched beggar, who prowled about the theatres, restaurants, and cafes, picking up the half-smoked butts with a pronged stick, amassed a fortune of 300,000 francs, for he sold the ashes of the refuse he collected to a chemist, who perfumed them and retailed them as a particularly choice tooth-powder.

There is now a regular "tobacco market" in the French capital. The waste finds a ready sale. Some of it is cut up and sold for smoking and chewing to rag-pickers and street-sweepers, and they prefer it to petit Caporal, retailed by the French Government. A portion of the tobacco is made into a liquor for the irrigation of vines, and some is also used for fumigation purposes to destroy insects.

Egg examiners earn a living by frequenting the markets to pronounce an opinion, based, of course, upon outward inspection only, whether the eggs offered for sale are fresh or not. The calling is sufficiently important to require its own trade union; and the egg-examiner rarely makes a mistake.

One may often see in French wine shops, more particularly at Eastertide, numbers of eggs stained red. About a hundred egg-dyers are employed in this industry, and they deal with the eggs, two or three hundred in a batch, by placing them in hot red dye contained in coppers.

The production of ants' eggs for pheasantries, aquariums, and large bird shops is carried on on such a scale that one "farmer" has received a dozen sacks of ants a day, imported from Germany and other countries. She—for the farmer is a lady—wears leather gauntlets and pantaloons, but she is hideously disfigured by the bites of her stock-in-trade, which she feeds well, and keeps warm, encouraging them to lay eggs in huge quantities.

A somewhat similar industry, maintaining, by the way, its special trade union, is that of the maggot breeders—a rather exclusive class—who undertake to supply the French anglers, fishing in the Seine, with livebait. They also rear worms, of which many millions are sold yearly, at a franc to two francs per pound. The same men breed meal-worms for birds, and sell them to the shops at 40 centimes per hundred.

Another guild is formed of the toad merchants, who dispose of their stock, which they catch and breed from, to gardeners and florists, for toads are useful in keeping down slugs and other pests.

Ratcatchers ply their trade, not in the sewers, but by haunting the streets at night. Dogs drive the vermin into traps. The skins are used for gloves, and one may not be sure, in a thrifty and not over-squeamish city, that the flesh is thrown away. An allied calling to that of the ratcatcher is the cat-killer, who chases a stray puss with terriers, and finds a market for its fur coat at the furriers', and for its flesh at some of the minor restaurants, who dish it up as "rabbit" with a real bunny's head.

Food of a kind which the siege of Paris reduced to a necessary article of diet may comprise not only cats, rats, and horseflesh—for which a distinct demand exists—but also snails. More snails are eaten in Paris than frogs—the latter being collected along the banks of the Seine and sold, with the heads and front legs cut off, on skewers. The snails come from Bordeaux, or the market gardens around the capital. You can buy them raw in a wine shop at 20 centimes to a franc per dozen. They are usually eaten baked, with parsley and bread-crumbs, and are nicer than the English whelk.

Nothing is wasted by the thrifty Frenchman. Stale or "second-hand" bread is collected by the rag men for the restaurants, and is sorted into heaps. The cleanest is baked and rasped for powdering hams, and for bread stuffing, etc.; some of it is cut into cubes, baked, and put up into packets for soup; and the dirtiest is reserved for the rabbit-raisers, dog-fanciers, and poultry-keepers.

The snappers-up of unconsidered trifles include in their ranks the grouse collectors, who haunt the sewers in the vicinity of slaughter-houses and hospitals in their search for fat of every kind, which is valuable to the refiners for conversion, possibly into margarine.

There is a class composed of gold-seekers, who are always on the hunt in underground Paris for stray jewelry and coins which may have slipped down the drains and into the sewers.

A less important calling is pursued by the nocturnal old boot and shoe collectors, for when a boot has been discarded by its last wearer, and is incapable of "restoration," the nails in the soles have a use. Brightly burnished, the heads are made to do duty for eyes in toy animals.

"What becomes of all the pins?" is a vexed question. In London you may find many of them, with thousands of nails, embedded in the asphalt, which is made from house dust. In Paris the dust-bin is not a receptacle of all sorts of refuse as it is there; and, probably, Frenchmen have discovered a way of rescuing second-hand pins from oblivion, but we have not heard of it.

Grains of Gold.

There is no substitute for success.

Indolence is the sleep of the mind.

The troubles of to-day alone never kill.

There is no such thing as the right use of a wrong thing.

Goodness is contagious when it comes close enough to touch.

When sin hides it forgets that it cannot cover up its tracks.

There are too many people who never pray until they have to.

When you bury animosity don't put any flowers on its grave.

No man has any lasting power for good who cannot control himself.

A man with a quick temper is as unsafe as a ship loaded with dynamite.

The most short-sighted people are those who cannot see beyond this life.

Wherever there is a desire for betterment, it grows out of an unsatisfied need of God.

When you pray for strength to resist temptation, avoid it by keeping out of bad company.

The lessons we heed do not need many repetitions, but those we neglect have to be repeated until we learn them.

Many are great workers in the church as long as they can have their own way, but the moment they are crossed they stop.

Before the gold can go into the coin and have the image stamped upon it that will give it value, it must go into the fire and have the dross purged out.

Femininities.

The daffodil is now society's beloved flower.

Statistics show that brunettes marry earliest.

The fin de siecle girl has an umbrella to match each gown.

Black pansies are one of this year's horticultural freaks.

"Love is blind," but jealousy sees more than really exists.

Very few men in this world know as much at 40 as they do at 21.

"Columbian hose" has patriotic emblems worked on the instep.

The favorite flower of the Princess of Wales is the lily of the valley.

Members of the "anti-wedding present league" pledge themselves to make no wedding gifts.

Lord Houghton once said that social happiness consisted in being asked everywhere and going nowhere.

Here is a mediæval advertisement from a Boston newspaper: "A middle-aged young lady wants a situation."

The town of Newton, Kansas, boasts of a man who says that his wife is a better cook than his mother ever was.

They sent a young mulatto woman to jail in Tennessee the other day for marrying a white man. The white man got away.

It isn't until a man gets to be reasonably rich that other people come to him and tell him how he can make a lot of money.

When a child dies in Greenland the native parents bury a living dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world.

Brown: "You would have no chance in an argument with her." Gray: "Why, is she really a skilful dialectician?" Brown: "No, but she's a woman."

Edwin: "Do you think your father and mother will do anything for us when we marry?" Angelina: "Yes, indeed! They have promised to come and live with us."

She: "What makes you think he loves me so desperately?" Simplex: "Oh, a thousand little things! He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play."

Wife: "I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house." Husband: "What are they?" "Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?"

A young man advertises his desire for a wife—"pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact!" Evidently he wants a fool. Any smart pretty woman knows she's pretty—wouldn't be smart if she didn't.

"Oh for some new-coined name by which to call him! Oh for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Vides until she married him. Now she is content to call him Old Beeswax.

A prisoner in the jail at Cullman, Alabama, recently made his escape by dressing in women's clothes. The jailer saw him leaving the prison, but thinking him the wife of one of the prisoners, let him go unmolested.

A man will burn his fingers lighting a cigar with a piece of paper, and make no fuss about it, but when his wife asks him to set the tea-kettle over, and he takes hold of the warm handle, he is mad enough to shipwreck the kitchen.

Jones: "Well, you may beat me at poker, but I'll get even with you. I'm going to let my wife order a hundred-dollar gown." Nibbs: "What's that got to do with me?" Jones: "You wait until your wife sees it and you'll find out."

Butler: "There's a man below to see you, sir." Mayberry: "What did you tell him?" "I told him you told me if it was a lady to say you were in, and if it were a man to say you were out." "What did he say then?" "He said to tell you he was a lady."

"La Famille Francaise" is the name of a new insurance company in France, the aim of which is to bring about an increase of the population by guaranteeing to pay to girls dowries of not over $500 each when they marry, or an annual sum for their education.

Queen Victoria, since the beginning of her reign, has only signed one death warrant, which was for an execution in the Isle of Man, the Act passed for relieving her Majesty of signing death warrants having, by an oversight, not included that part of her Majesty's dominion.

In one of the new girls' schools the directors arrive to make an examination. "I wish to have the best informed young lady come to the blackboard," says one, solemnly. No one moves. "Then," says he, gracefully, "I should like the prettiest one to come." They all stand up.

A lady writer on the subject of dress commends, as an example worthy of being followed, the fact that three ladies, being of the same size, exchange dresses, and are thus enabled by the constant round of costumes to obtain credit for possessing a fashionable and extensive wardrobe.

Masculinities.

A Maine man who earns 90 cents a day has 9 children and 6 dogs.

A St. Louis barber attributes baldness to the excessive use of the comb.

There is something to be said in favor of indolence when a man is too lazy to run in debt.

High concentration of steady feeling makes men and women dare everything and do anything.

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.

Some men go fishing to get fish, and some don't; those that don't generally get what they go for.

The popular leather known as Cordovan, which is used for dress shoes, is really horsehide. It is supposed to be waterproof.

"Why do you call your twins 'Circumstances,' Jawkins?" "Because, my dear boy, they are something over which I have no control."

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works.

A Masonic lodge at Fredericksburg, Virginia, has been presented with two rocking chairs which were once owned by George Washington's mother.

A Chicago woman, who claims to be a descendant of Columbus, asserts that that famous explorer was born at Pradello, in the Valley of the Nure, instead of at Genoa.

A man in Williamsburg, N. Y., has formed a collection of the drums of all countries, including Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceanica and America, and numbering over 700 examples.

An ardent Carthage, Missouri, wooer met a young woman for the first time one day recently, and three hours later he proposed and was accepted. They were married the following day.

The young Earl of Dudley, it is said, carries the largest amount of insurance ever effected on a single life, aggregating £1,200,000. The insurance companies manifest great interest in his health.

At the Women's Congress at the World's Fair 300 of the sex were present to celebrate the emancipation of the women, and yet they had to get a man to open their convention. The fair creatures must admit that man is useful at times.

Spelling contests are fashionable again in Michigan. They seem to have come in along with crinoline. The roller skating craze has broken out again among the Massachusetts girls. Hoopskirts give the fair skaters plenty of leeway for striking boldly out.

Carolina Ryder Morrill, a wealthy young widow of Chicago, died lately, and her will directs that her estate, valued at $500,000, shall be divided equally between her two children and Lewis S. Perry. Mr. Perry was a suitor whom she was to have married in the fall.

An English girl on her way home from an extended continental tour, in conversation with a number of her compatriots, frankly confessed that she liked no language but her own. "As for French," she declared, "I hate it, because I always have to think before I speak!"

In his will the late Rufus Hatch, of New York, warns his children against the use of tobacco or alcoholic drinks in any form, and says: "I earnestly desire that my children shall not gamble in any way for money, as their father has had experience sufficient to serve for all his posterity."

Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has built for his use a new residence in Washington. Mrs. Bell, his wife, a young and pretty woman, was a deaf mute until taught the lip language; but she now converses easily and understands all that is said around her. Her husband instructed her in the sign language.

The follies of a man sometime come back to him unexpectedly. A Statesville, N. C man has found it so at any rate. In 1865 he cut his initials on the shell of a tortoise, and a few days ago the animal waddled into his presence, looking not a day older than it did 28 years ago. The initials were still quite plain.

The boy King of Spain knows well how to maintain his dignity. Alfonso XIII. was, a few months ago, kept indoors because of a cold, and while there was visited by the Prime Minister. "How are you to-day, Alfonso?" said the Premier. The boy King, with an expression of disgust on his face, said: "To my mother I am Alfonso, but to you I am the King." Heartily amused, the Premier retired, with a profound salutation.

A California man has originated a new system of living, which he calls the Edenic system. He eats nothing but raw wheat, consuming about three-quarters of a pound a day. Bread, butter, sugar, meat, eggs and milk he regards as poisonous. He eats only when he feels hungry, and appears to thrive on this strange diet. At 40, he says, he was an old man, whereas now, though 60, he feels young. "I can get along," he adds, "on one or two cents a day, and do a day's work."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

If you want to know how much like an angel you can look, get a white crape, crepon or china silk gown and have it accordion plaited. Have the skirt made walking length in front and with a graceful demitrain in the back. Have the waist

NOVEL DRESS OF ACCORDION CRAPE.

belted in with pale blue, pink or white ribbon and a deep frill of the same around the neck, and sleeves which reach to the wrist, falling from the shoulders in a way to suggest wings.

There is something so graceful in the modulation of the lines of material that is accordion plaited that it is no wonder it has become the rage across the water and now bids fair to become as popular here for all such light fabrics. Black pongee and other lusterless silks are beautiful made in this style. The rainbow crapes and crepons are also well adapted to the peculiar treatment that wrinkles the fabric into the plaits that hang close or give with every movement of the wearer. It always makes me think of the long streak of moonlight laid across a summer sea in its shimmering undulation. And it is ample in width, though clinging so closely to the person in repose.

Odd, isn't it, that every year there is a crop of brides with the June roses? May is called an unlucky month, though why I cannot tell, and so June comes freighted with the odor of orange blossoms, and the peals of the wedding march join in the song of the birds, and the young girl dons her sacrificial robes, closes her eyes and walks through the church door which may lead to a happy and peaceful life where the grandest of crowns may be poised gently on her head—that of noble wifehood and motherhood—or it may lead to untold misery and such agony as only a woman can know when she sees her fairest dream shattered and gathers up the fragments, hiding them from all mortal eyes, and bears the burden alone.

But the robing of the fair young bride must be the same for those who walk up to happiness or who go down to the valley of tears and sighs. The looms have fashioned a new satin for them this year—a satin that has all the richness of that unapproachable material and with the frosty sheen of an invisible crape above it. How this is done none but the weaver can tell, but it looks as if some fairy spiders had spun minute threads all over the surface of the satin. The result is one of the most exquisite things I ever saw.

A June bride will wear a gown of it, the front of the skirt plain, with the diagonal white chiffon puffs across the bottom, held by a large bunch of orange blossoms and foliage. The train has a puff of the chiffon. The sleeves are "broken down" gigot, with frills at the wrist of lace, and there is a berthe of the same around the neck and a neat arrangement of white satin ribbon crossing the bust to the shoulders and being brought down to the waist. Orange blossoms encircle the collar and form knots on the shoulders and at belt.

The veil is of tulle and is gathered on top of the head in a sort of cloud and falls backward, held by a bunch of orange blossoms placed on the top of the head a little toward the front. The hair is dressed toward the top of the head in a sort of puff, leaving a few natural tendrils of hair to fall carelessly. A small, loose bunch of orange blossoms tied with a white ribbon not over a yard in all finishes this elegant and tasteful gown.

The bridesmaid is to wear a china silk with white ground, sown with blue forget-me-nots, and with four forget-me-not blue chiffon flounces, superposed and headed with ribbon of the same, tied in dainty knots every six inches. The sleeves are puffs of faille of the same color, and the vest is of the chiffon, with lace bretelles. The hat is of blue straw, with blue and white flowers.

Odds and Ends.

IN COOKING OF POTATOES.

Ordinary fried potatoes make a very good dish in themselves, and the grease in which they are fried supplies the fatty material we require. One of the prettiest forms in which fried potatoes can be sent to table is that of ribbon potatoes. We take an ordinary raw potato and peel it, and then with a knife cut it round and round in strips, like peeling an apple, so as if possible to get the ribbon a foot long or even longer. These ribbons can be fried in dripping, and a small saucepan is better than a frying-pan for the purpose, as we want the fat to cover the potato. The saucepan must be deep, and about one-third full. The raw potatoes contain such a large amount of water that, if you are not careful, the fat will boil over. As soon as the water has evaporated the potato ribbon will begin to get brown, and directly it begins to turn color take it out of the fat—which must be very hot indeed, for you will find that they will turn a darker color after they are taken from the fat—and we want them a light golden brown, not too dark. The potatoes had better drain a little while on a wire sieve, or else they will taste too greasy. A little pepper and salt must, of course, be added before serving.

Suppose you have a few new potatoes left over for the second day that have been plain boiled, you can make a nice little dish as follows:

Make some dry bread-crumbs, beat up an egg, roll the new potatoes in flour till they are dry, having first peppered them. Then dip them in the beaten-up egg and roll them in the bread crumbs. Fry them till they are a nice golden brown. It is a very tempting looking dish, as they looks like rissoles.

A very handsome and economical dish can be made from cold potatoes by means of what are called potato borders. You must first make some ordinary mashed potatoes rather firmer than usual, and it is important to boil the milk separately first. Now place all this mashed potato on a dish: make the centre hollow, and the outside smooth, flat, and oval-shaped. Beginners will find that they can make a very good mould out of a piece of tin or cardboard, although a Frenchman would do it very quickly with a wooden pat like they use for butter. You can make the inside hollow right down to the bottom of the dish, or only halfway down. This will depend upon what quantity you are going to add, as the interior can be filled with a variety of substances, such as ordinary mince, minced chicken and ham, calves' brains, pigs' brains, etc. But we will confine ourselves to describing the border made with potatoes. You can make the outside look very pretty as follows:—Cut a carrot or potato in halves, say about an inch to an inch and a half while, and scoop out, about half-way down, a hollow groove. You can do this with the point of a teaspoon. By pressing this mould round the edge of the border you can make the border look like a mould of jelly surrounded with small half columns. You must grease the mould with a little butter or oil to prevent the potatoes from sticking. Of course all potatoes should be exactly the same size. You can now brown the border in the oven, and you can roll up some balls of mashed potato like a marble and place them on the top round the edge. The whole border must be browned in the oven, and to do this to perfection you can beat up an egg thoroughly and brush the whole of the potato border with it before baking, just in the same way as you would brush the pastry of a meat pie. The beauty of this dish is that it is very cheap, so far as material goes, although perhaps it is somewhat troublesome. If by chance there are girls in the house who understand modelling in clay they will be able to produce a dish that will rival in appearance one of Francatelli masterpieces.

One of the cheapest soups known, and at the same time one of the most nourishing, is potato soup, and the best of it is we can make this soup from almost any kind of greasy stock. Potato soup requires onions must be boiled tender, and rubbed through a wire sieve with the potatoes. The proportion of the potato to onion should be about three to one, and of course the remains of cold potatoes do for the purpose. The great secret of the flavor is to add some thyme; a quart of potato soup bears a lot of flavoring, and would require about a teaspoonful of dry thyme, though of course the quantity will vary according to the time it has been kept.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FANS.—The fan is of very ancient origin. A French journal tracing its history says that the papyrus was one of the first plants from which fans were made. In ancient Greece the first fans used were made of myrtle, acacia, and plane tree.

It was not until the fifth century, B. C. that the peacock was known in Greece, and from this epoch dates the use among the Grecian ladies of the peacock's tail as a new and elegant kind of fan.

As the art of fan-makers arose the use of feathers alone came to be discarded, as they were found to be too pliable. The idea was conceived of placing between each pair of feathers a thin strip of wood, giving both resistance and durability.

Fans are often referred to in Latin authors. Plautus mentions the flabelliferæ, or female slaves who carried parasols and fans to shade and drive away flies from their mistresses.

Fans of peacocks' feathers remained in fashion through the middle ages and up to the seventh century, not only in Italy but in England and France.

Fans of ostrich feathers came into favor gradually, excluding those of peacock, and such fans—as used in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries—appear in Titian's pictures.

Leaves of palm-trees, reeds and odoriferous woods are among the substances of which fans are made in foreign countries, for where has the fan-maker's art been brought to such perfection as in Paris?

ASKED TO PROVE IT.—At the trial of a breach of promise case—the parties to which were a man of advanced years and a young girl—the judge remarked that this was another instance of the evil effects of "engagements contracted between May and December." Shortly afterwards the learned judge received a letter from a statistical society intimating that that body would be much obliged if he would favor them with an account of the facts from which he had derived the singular rule enunciated by him as to the infelicity of engagements contracted during certain months of the year.

The origin of the Confederate battle flag has been the subject of much discussion. W. W. Davies, "messenger to the late President Davis," gives this account of it: "The Stars and Bars were used at Bull Run, and on account of its similarity to the old Union flag caused some confusion, and it was found that some change should be made; hence the adoption of what is now known as the battle flag. This battle flag was not designed by General Beauregard, as generally believed, but he was one of the three who accepted the design."

PRIZES ON PATENTS.

HOW TO GET TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

The Winner has a Clear Gift of a Small Fortune, and the Losers Have Patents that may Bring them in Still More.

Would you like to make twenty-five hundred dollars? If you would, read carefully what follows and you may see a way to do it.

The Press Claims Company devotes much attention to patents. It has handled thousands of applications for inventions, but it would like to handle thousands more. There is plenty of inventive talent at large in this country, needing nothing but encouragement to produce practical results. That encouragement the Press Claims Company proposes to give.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

A patent strikes most people as an appallingly formidable thing. The idea is that an inventor must be a natural genius, like Edison or Bell; that he must devote years to delving in complicated mechanical problems and that he must spend a fortune on delicate experiments before he can get a new device to a patentable degree of perfection. This delusion the company desires to dispel. It desires to get into the head of the public a clear comprehension of the fact that it is not the great, complex, and expensive inventions that bring the best returns to their authors, but the little, simple, and cheap ones—the things that seem so absurdly trivial that the average citizen would feel somewhat ashamed of bringing them to the attention of the Patent Office.

Edison says that the profits he has received from the patents on all his marvelous inventions have not been sufficient to pay the cost of his experiments. But the man who conceived the idea of fastening a bit of rubber cord to a child's ball, so that it would come back to the hand when thrown, made a fortune out of his scheme. The modern sewing-machine is a miracle of ingenuity—the product of the toil of hundreds of busy brains through a hundred and fifty years, but the whole brilliant result rests upon the simple device of putting the eye of the needle at the point instead of at the other end.

THE LITTLE THINGS THE MOST VALUABLE.

Comparatively few people regard themselves as inventors, but almost everybody has been struck, at one time or another, with ideas that seemed calculated to reduce some of the little frictions of life. Usually such ideas are dismissed without further thought.

"Why don't the railroad company make its car windows so that they can be slid up and down without breaking the passengers' backs?" exclaims the traveler. "If I were running the road I would make them in such a way."

"What was the man that made this saucepan thinking of?" grumbles the cook. "He never had to work over a stove, or he would have known how it ought to have been fixed."

"Hang such a collar button!" growls the man who is late for breakfast. "If I were in the business I'd make buttons that wouldn't slip out, or break off, or gouge out the back of my neck."

And then the various sufferers forget about their grievances and begin to think of something else. If they would sit down at the next convenient opportunity, put their ideas about car windows, saucepans, and collar buttons into practical shape, and then apply for patents, they might find themselves as independently wealthy as the man who invented the iron umbrella ring, or the one who patented the fifteen puzzle.

A TEMPTING OFFER.

To induce people to keep track of their bright ideas and see what there is in them, the Press Claims Company has resolved to offer a prize.

To the person who submits to it the simplest and most promising invention, from a commercial point of view, the company will give twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, in addition to refunding the fees for securing the patent.

It will also advertise the invention free of charge.

This offer is subject to the following conditions:

Every competitor must obtain a patent for his invention through the company. He must first apply for a preliminary search, the cost of which will be five dollars. Should this search show his invention to be unpatentable, he can withdraw without further expense. Otherwise he will be expected to complete his application and take out a patent in the regular way. The total expense, including Government and Bureau fees, will be seventy dollars. For this, whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a patent that ought to be a valuable property to him. The prize will be awarded by a jury consisting of three reputable patent attorneys of Washington. Intending competitors should fill out the following blank, and forward it with their application:

"_____, ____, 1893.

"I submit the within described invention in competition for the Twenty-five hundred Dollar Prize offered by the Press Claims Company.

"_____."

NO BLANKS IN THIS COMPETITION.

This is a competition of rather an unusual nature. It is common to offer prizes for the best story, or picture, or architectural plan, all the competitors risking the loss of their labor and the successful one merely selling his for the amount of the prize. But the Press Claims Company's offer is something entirely different. Each person is asked merely to help himself, and the one who helps himself to the best advantage is to be rewarded for doing it. The prize is only a stimulus to do something that would be well worth doing without it. The architect whose competitive plan for a club house on a certain corner is not accepted has spent his labor on something of very little use to him. But the person who patents a simple and useful device in the Press Claims Company's competition, need not worry if he fail to secure the prize. He has a substantial result to show for his work—one that will command its value in the market at any time.

The plain man who uses any article in his daily work ought to know better how to improve it than the mechanical expert who studies it only from the theoretical point of view. Get rid of the idea that an improvement can be too simple to be worth patenting. The simpler the better. The person who best succeeds in combining simplicity and popularity, will get the Press Claims Company's twenty-five hundred dollars.

The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about three hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

Address the Press Claims Company, John Wedderburn, managing attorney, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

TREASURE IN THE DUST HEAP.

This is the day when everything has its use. Even the dust heap which is thought to be refuse, fit only to be thrown in some bog, has become marketable, and after it is carried out of our back yards it is subjected to a series of processes so that nothing is wasted.

The contents of the dust bin are now too valuable to be used for filling up a marshy field. Science has stepped in and given a helping hand to industrial ingenuity. Who would think that a heap of rubbish, old paper, dish cloths, sardine tins and the like, are of any value? But they are, as shall be explained.

Take the old bones as an instance. They are all carted to boiling-houses. The fat which is extracted goes to make soap, and the gelatine is converted into wrappages for sweetmeats. Then the bones themselves are cut up into egg spoons, toothpicks, penknife handles, tooth-brushes, and so on, whereas the smaller pieces chipped off in this process are burnt into a powder and make an excellent material for cleaning the teeth. Beside this, there are large works which do nothing else than turn bones into superphosphate manure.

Scraps of paper are all sorted out, the printed from the unprinted. Paper is again manufactured from them and those pieces which are very dirty are used in the production of papier mache trays and dolls' heads. Old clothes go to the paper makers, and from red pieces of flannel the cochineal is extracted to be again used for coloring purposes.

Old tins are remelted and the solder separated from them. Broken glass all finds its way into the melting pot. People as a rule are glad to get rid of their medicine bottles and pitch them on to the dust heap. They are carefully washed and in time return to the chemist's shop.

It is astonishing what a lot of coal is thrown away in every household. The cinders are picked out and sold to poor people and the ashes make capital bricks. Even our old disreputable-looking boots are patched up again and find purchasers.

A jeweler can always get enough for an old waistcoat to buy him a new one. More gold dust is found in the old garment than would be imagined. A jeweler's old apron is a very valuable article for this very reason. Gold and silver are also extracted from old photographs.

Pastrycooks formerly only used the yolk of eggs in their business and threw the rest away. Now the whites are sold to photographers, with which to prepare albumenized paper. Some of the prettiest ornaments we have in our drawing-rooms are from the refuse in the manufacture of iron.

For many years the existence of coal-tar was a pest. Nobody knew what to do with it. It could not be put on the land and was most objectionable in a river. It was the one thing that was utterly useless. But now it is converted into beautiful aniline dyes.

BENEATH THE LINE.—In time of Yellow Jack in the tropics one should be very careful to wear woollen underclothing from the soles of the feet to the neck. It is the easiest thing in the world to catch a cold in the tropics, if the wearing of proper under raiment is neglected.

Down comes a deluge from the skies, and that with bewildering suddenness in the rainy season; with woollen vests under hose and stockings, you are, under these circumstances, less likely to contract a chill, than if, with a mistaken hardihood, you are clothed in linen or in some gauzy makeshift for life and health-protecting wool.

Just before the tropic dawn, too, the land-breeze commences to blow, fraught with all the malarial influences to be drawn from the undrained marsh-lands of the interior. As you love life and all it has of joy, of fun and brightness, close those windows that front that mild but malefic gale.

Many strong men have gone prematurely down into Hades for thinking lightly of such suggestions as these. Out of the sunlight, out of the fragrance of flower and fruit, out of a many-colored existence and an amusing, cheerful, social life they were suddenly haled to the land of shadows. Truly a man who has passed unscathed 'mid tropic pestilence does not readily lose the memory of that experience.

"IT seems to me that you ask a pretty good price for this parrot." "Yes, but you know he belonged to one of the best families." "How do you know?" "He always talks when anyone begins to sing."

A FAMOUS CHOIR.—Undoubtedly, the finest choir in the world is that of St. Peter's in Rome, known as the Pope's choir. There is not a female voice in it, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti's high soprano is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal chords, and some of the best singers are not over nine years old. At the age of seventeen they are dropped from the choir. To say that at the Pope's service one hears the grandest church music that the world has ever known sounds commonplace, so far short does it fall of apt description.

AS A mournful kind of set-off to its numerous and brilliant places of pleasure, Paris is now destined to have a series of edifices called Palaces of Death. These Palais de la Mort, or, as they are also styled, Palais Mortuaires, are intended for the reception of dead bodies until the arrangements for interment have been fully completed.

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☞ This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of **protecting their subscribers** against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.

A NOVEL FIRE ENGINE.—The Berlin Fire Department is experimenting with a novel fire engine. The carriage is constructed entirely of papier mache, all the different parts, the body, wheels, poles, etc., being finished in the most possible manner. While the durability and power of resistance possessed by this material are fully as great as those of wood and metal the weight is much less. This lightness is, of course, of marked advantage, since it will enable the new engine to reach the scene of a fire with unusual despatch.

TO PLAY MUSIC
WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know as much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE PORTRAITS and FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from it an enlarged Portrait, with frame complete, absolutely free of charge. This offer is made in order to introduce our new Portraits and Frames in your vicinity. Put your name and address on back of photos, and send it to **NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 751 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Refer you to any banks in this city.

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Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a **PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT** in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from **$200 TO $350** per lot on **EASY TERMS.** Cannot be equalled as a **SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING** proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

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PENSIONS

ADDRESS A LETTER OR POSTAL CARD TO

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,

JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. **Washington, D. C.**

Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now **partially** or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. Widows **not dependent** upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death **was due to service.**

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child,** provided soldier **died in service, or from effects of service,** and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. **It makes no difference** whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for **higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.**

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $2 to $10 per month under the **old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law,** not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, **whether due to service or not.**

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular** army or navy **since** the war are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee** and **Seminole** or **Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

Mexican War soldiers and their widows **also entitled,** if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
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A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. Possibly you may be correct, but rationally you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10 00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, **UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10 00 OR $20 00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY,** will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company,
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
NEW YORK, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot.
"Dec., 23, '92."

"To N. HELMER Esq., 12th St. and B'way."

N. HELMER, Chemist, 842 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

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Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 518 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

'TIS PASSING STRANGE.

A chemical change to some seems strange,
But 'tis not strange to me,
For turns my thought to changes wrought
More wonderful to see.
How does it chance that ignorance
In homely girls may be
Converted, in prettier ones,
To sweet simplicity?

—A. L. D.

The Latest.

"Say, why don't you shake that old eggshell off?"

"Shake nothing! Don't you know that crinoline is the style again?"

Age is not always a disadvantage. Goodness knows how old the earth is, and yet it's round the same as ever.

Little German boy: "Father, what is happiness?" Father: "When you have drank six glasses of beer, to be still thirsty!"

First burglar: "Here comes a policeman. How can we get rid of him?" Second burglar: "Let's pretend to be fighting."

Magistrate: "You are accused of not supporting your wife." Prisoner: "But, your honor, you don't know my wife. She is insupportable."

Wild-eyed man: "I want some soothing syrup, quick!" Druggist: "What sized bottle?" Wild-eyed man: "Bottle? I want a keg! It's twins!"

Baseball crank: "Why do you leave in the middle of the game, Isaacs?" Isaacs: "Efery time dot umpire says 'dree balls' he looks me rightt in der face."

He: "Darling, I love you." She: "I know it, dear; but I was in hopes you'd have some news to tell me to-night. I haven't seen a soul to-day, and I'm just dying for news."

Mrs. Newlywed: "And do you always trust your husband implicitly?" Mrs. Experienced, enthusiastically: "Indeed, I do. That is to say, of course, to a certain extent."

Mary: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment — to work." Mamma: "Now place it in a sentence to show me you really understand it." Mary: "In summer I love to ferment in the garden."

She: "If you can't bear her, why did you get engaged to her?" He: "Well, you see, we had sat out three dances, and I could not think of anything else to say, and she accepted."

"Man," said Mr. Wickwire, oracularly, "views woman as a being to be looked up to." "Is that the reason he lets her stand up when he has a seat in the car?" asked Mrs. Wickwire.

Park policeman: "Beg pardon, sir, but would you please lend me your pencil a moment?" "Certainly; here it is." "And now your address, please; I saw you picking flowers a moment ago."

Mrs. Jones: "Henry, dear!" Mr. Jones: "Well?" Mrs. J.: "I want to make a bargain with you. If you will let me have $10 this afternoon I will let you do $15 worth of grumbling about my extravagance."

Young housekeeper: "I hope these eggs are quite new laid. I bought some here a couple of months ago and they were excellent." Dealer: "You may depend on them, mum. They are of the same lot." Y. H.: "Oh, thank you, that will do admirably."

Judge: "You admit the promise of marriage, I understand, but claim that the defendant was insane when the promise was made?" Defendant's lawyer: "Yes, your Honor, we enter a plea of insanity." "Upon what evidence do you depend to sustain your claim of aberration of mind." "We intend, your Honor, to read the love letters that he wrote to her."

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly, making a pastoral call: "It has been a long time, Mrs. Upjohn, since I have seen Miss Bella at church." Mrs. Upjohn, shaking her head sadly: "I fear, Doctor, Bella is incorrigible. I have had several new elegant dresses made for her lately, but she doesn't seem to have any desire to go to church to—to look well in them, you know. I'm afraid she is getting hopelessly worldly."

Wife: "Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?"

Husband: "None, darling."

W.: "Then I am determined I will have none from you either."

H.: "You have secrets, then?"

W.: "Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it."

H., hoarsely: "Go on."

W.: "For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new summer suit with hat to match."

How It's Done.—The celebrated organist, Martin Œsau, while on a visit to England, chanced one day to attend Dr. Robbins' church, in company with a friend and countryman who was a member of the choir.

The character of the visitor became known to the singers, and they were eager to hear the German play. The choristers whispered to the old organist, Winder, that he must let Œsau "play the congregation out." This was simply a voluntary which the organist was in the habit of performing while the congregation were retiring at the close of the services.

The old organist turned up his nose in disdain and disapproval; but the pressure came so hard that he at length gave in, and the German good-naturedly consented to give a taste of his quality. The closing anthem had come to a conclusion, the benediction was pronounced, and Winder reluctantly arose from his seat and allowed Œsau to take his place. The people had arisen in their pews below, and were making for the aisles on their way out.

But hark! What new sound was that? A new voice had burst from the organ. A harmony unknown before was in the throbbing air. The throng stopped where they stood, and listened. Even the good old doctor, half-way down the pulpit stairs, stood as one spell-bound. Old Winder saw the situation. The congregation had been seemingly petrified, and their powers of locomotion suspended.

"Pooh!" he shouted, "that's what comes of meddling! You can't play 'em out. Let me show ye how it's done." And with an unceremonious push he ousted Œsau from his seat, seated himself before the keys, and struck into one of his old doxological voluntaries. Very quickly the people dropped their heads and moved onward; and, when the church was empty, old Winder rose from the organ in triumph.

The Czar's Big Dog.—One of the striking figures in the Russian palace at Gatschina is "Peter," the great Danish hound that stretches his powerful form in the hall leading to the private apartments of the Czar.

This great dog is said to be the largest of its species in the world, and was presented to the Czarina some few years ago by her father, the King of Denmark. It is said that the Czar took a liking to the animal from the start, and never goes any long journey without his company.

Having but little confidence in those about him, he seems to centre his faith in the dog as a guardian of unfailing fidelity, and the dog, apparently, reciprocates the attachment. It was reported last summer, when Nihilist rumors were rife, and documents of a threatening nature found their way to the very table of the Czar's private cabinet, that the Autocrat of all the Russias permitted the hound to sleep in the hall adjoining his bedroom.

For some unexplained reason the dog became very suspicious of one of the guardsmen, and growled continually when this man was put on duty as a sentinel in the palace. Nothing could be shown and nothing was suspected against the man, but to satisfy the dog he was withdrawn from sentry duty.

Cured by Apples.—A physician has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment, namely, by eating apples at every meal. Apples, this authority maintains, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all his desire for alcohol.

The Bracelet became a distinctive piece of ornament among French ladies from about the middle of the fifteenth century. At the time of the "Directoire" the women, who had adopted the fashion of wearing a robe a la Romaine, ornamented their arms with six bracelets; three on each arm—one high up, another above the elbow, the third at the wrist. This is not all, however; they also wore rings on all their fingers, including the thumb, encircled their waists with a large sheet, as a belt, and wore large hoops in their ears.

A Kentuckian recently won a prize offered for the best definition of a gentleman, and his definition was: "A man of refinement and culture, whose aims are noble, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes him simple, and who can look the whole world in the face with a true, manly sympathy for the great and small."

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Said the **Owl** to himself, "If the moon I could get, whenever I'm dry my throat I could wet; The moon is a quarter—within quarter I hear; you can purchase five gallons of **Hires' Root Beer."**

A Delicious, Temperance, Thirst-quenching, Health-Giving Drink. Good for any time of year.

A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get Hires'.

For 100 years Bedford Water has cured thousands yearly of Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Liver, Kidney troubles of all kinds and diseases of the stomach. It will cure you if you will try it, write for handsomely illustrated book. Sent Free.

Bedford Mineral Springs Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

AGENTS $50 to $100—A WEEK. Ladies or Gents. Need no Experience. Needed in every home, place of business or farm the year round. "Home" Electric Motor runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheaper than steam or horse power. Connected instantly to wash or sewing machine, corn sheller, pumps, fans, lathes, jewelers' or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, reliable, lasts a lifetime. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Quickly sold. Profits immense. Circulars free. W. P. HARRISON & CO., X-7, Columbus, O.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect May 14, 1893.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor Car)..... 8.00 a m
World's Fair Flyer, through Sleeper to Chicago..... 12.20 p m
Chicago and Buffalo Express, with through Sleeper..... 7.00 p m
Boston Express (through Sleeper)..... 7.00 p m
Western Night Express, through Sleeper to Buffalo and Chicago..... 8.00 p m
Rochester Express.....9.00 a m, 12.30, 7.00, 9.00 p m
Above trains run daily.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour trains), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37 p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 4.20, 5.15, 6.07, 8.35, (dining cars, 9 m, 12.10 night). Sundays 4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37 p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 3.00, 5.15, 6.37, 8.35 (dining cars, p m 12.10 night).

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.00, 7.55, 9.00 a m, 12.20, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 7.00, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 8.27, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 12.20, 2.30, 7.00, 9.00 p m, and Bethlehem only, 9.05 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.12 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

9.40 a m for Reading and way points.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

4.32 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m daily, sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg, Shippensburg and Gettysburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

9.45 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.55 a m, Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shippensburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.42 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

2.40 p m for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Ryers, Barto and Allentown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.40, 3.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 2.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 5.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 5.45 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 and 8.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.45, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.30, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gibbstown, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 3.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.30 a m, 4.45, 8.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.00 p m.

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